THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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THE LIFE OF THE LITURGY

READERS of the daily press during Eastertide must have been impressed by the amount of space devoted to descriptions of Catholic celebrations. There were long and colorful despatches from great centers of the Faith, in particular, Seville, in Spain, and Rome. But they came from many other places where interested newspaper correspondents had been struck by unusual and picturesque manifestations of devotions—Cuba, and Mexico, and remote provinces of Italy. Nor were the Holy Week observances at home neglected. In New York, for example, much attention was paid to the Maundy Thursday and Good Friday rites and ceremonies. It is true that these accounts varied greatly as to liturgical and doctrinal corrections. What the ceremonies really meant, and why they are perpetuated, were questions that did not concern the reporters and special article writers very much. What interested them for the most part were the unusual and singular features that made so many of these events blaze out with strange beauty against the drab background of modern life. King Alfonso and Queen Victoria of Spain washing the feet of the beggars, the black-masked and black-robed sodalities of Seville marching in somber silence only broken by mournful trumpet tones on Good Friday, the Cubans staggering for five miles between the villages of El Cano and Arroyo Arenas with their gigantic statue of Christ on Easter Sunday, the ritual dance of the altar boys in the cathedral of Seville, the services in New York's cathedral, the many wonderful ceremonies in Rome—these and other events of the same sort furnished splendid opportunities to the descriptive writers.

So far as our own observation of their productions go, we think that on the whole the reporting was excellently done. There was, to be sure, an overworking of that misunderstood and much abused term, "mediaeval," but that was to be expected. The words "mediaeval" and "mediaevalism" are themselves vaguely picturesque, and seem appropriate when the Church brings forward once more the ancient symbols, which are also ever new: the same today as yesterday, and tomorrow to be the same again.

Some day, however, a great writer will appear—the opportunity will undoubtedly produce the man, as all great opportunities sooner or later do—who will describe the liturgy (and the accompanying popular pageantry) of Holy Week and Easter, in such a way that all of its curious and historic character, all of its

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artistic and dramatic beauty, will be given with due relaton to its symbolic and never-dying truth, which is as much alive today as in the centuries of mediaeval faith, or as it was in the primitive period preceding them. Certain writers have given us scattered chapters and broken fragments of such a work—Huysmans, for example, and Hugh Benson, and many others—while the official writers of the Church, the doctors of liturgical science, and of symbolism, and of mysticism, have amassed mountains of authoritative material; but it remains for some great prose artist to fuse the properly selected themes and motives into language that can be understood by the people. When that book appears, and has been assimilated, as all good books are, by the writing and reading public, future descriptions of the rites and ceremonies of the Church, whether at Eastertide, or at any other period of the ecclesiastical year, while still preserving their unusual and colorful interest, will no longer appear so detached from the general concerns of our daily life, as for the most part they do today. For of course they are really vitally connected with our life—not merely with the devotional or doctrinal interests of Catholics alone, but with the rich, complex, confused mass of human life in general.

Here and there a newspaper reporter of the Eastertide observances caught a glimpse of this important fact. Mr. Joseph B. Phillips, for example, writing from Rome to the New York *Herald Tribune,* made some keenly thoughtful observations. "During Holy Week in Rome," he cabled, "it is possible to glimpse momentarily a vision of that ancient mass spirit—perhaps even mass spirituality—which once gave the world its great cathedrals. No stretch of the imagination is necessary to see in the vast crowds invading St. Peter's a little of the same powerful sentiment which in the middle ages moved the peasants of France literally to pass from hand to hand and village to village across the Rhine, Rhône, and the Marne great slabs of marble for their cathedrals. The transport has changed, but the mass strength remains." Mr. Phillips then goes on to allude to facts which to his mind prove that in spite of the evocation of old age ceremonies, "the Church is not behind the times." The Vatican radio station, of course, is mentioned as one of these facts, and he relates how only a few days ago, at the time of the Nicaragua earthquake, "the head of a convent in the United States telephoned to the Vatican for information regarding the fate of Catholics in the stricken area, and expressed the intention of going to Central America by plane." Well, of course, radio, telephones, and missionaries of mercy leaving convents to fly over the lands and over the seas by airplane, are striking facts, and well up with the times; but there were other things recorded without particular emphasis by this correspondent which even more vitally show that the same Church which, according to Mr. Phillips, and quite correctly, "has not pulled up any past roots," is at the same time integrated with the present times.

The correspondent notes, for example, as he records the scenes in St. Peter's, how "Holy Week more than any other season demonstrates that the great cathedrals have retained throughout the centuries their position as a unique expression of worship of the masses as distinct from the few. In these days when noblemen must be democrats to keep their jobs, some may go to the cathedrals. They are lost in the crowds. Every day since Palm Sunday St. Peter's have been crowded with the solid elements of the population of Rome and thousands of humble pilgrims from all parts of the world. Fashionable dress, even the bright uniforms of army officers, which are such a feature of the Roman streets, are conspicuously absent." No doubt, however, both the socially select, and the modern representatives of those Roman centurions who have such a great part in the story of the founding of the Church, were to be found, if the reporter had looked for them, among the crowd of worshipers. The Church is for all, leaders as well as led, the great and the humble, the rich as well as the poor—but now as always, the spiritual democracy of the Church is its most distinctive exterior aspect. It is the Church of the people—all of the people. Another thing noted by this reporter was the presence of pilgrims from all parts of the world; ordinary tourists to Rome, he tells us, in this year of hard times are notably few, but the religious groups, the pilgrims, are many. They come to the center of the world-wide Church that binds all humanity together as children of one Father.

From that center, while the ancient liturgy proceeds with its symbolic teaching of the eternal truths of religion, there also radiate the inspirations and the practical applications of those truths to the daily business of life. It is very certain that, as this acute newspaper reporter writes, the Church "has not pulled up any roots." A living tree is nourished through its roots. It may be pruned of its dead branches; it may be lopped of its parasites and weakening excrescences, but the roots remain; and the living tree gives forth the fruit by which it must be judged. The missal tells us that during the Easter period, from the day of the Resurrection to the day of Pentecost, the Church celebrates the period of her founding. Between the first Easter and Pentecost, the Apostles received their definite instruction; they were commissioned to go forth to teach all nations, under Peter, until the end of time. And Catholic Christians today, in the midst of the symbolism and the liturgical celebrations of the spiritual mysteries of the Eastertide, remember and carry forward the practical, daily business of the Church. The liturgy is not mere decoration, preserved for its pictorial effect from "mediaevalism"; it is the natural expression of the life of the Church just as much as any convention or congress of practical workers, but not more so—the two things go together, supplementing and explaining each other, twin aspects of that Christianity which is faith and works, not faith alone, nor works alone, but both together.

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WEEK BY WEEK

CHAIRMAN RASKOB'S clear and courageous facing of realities in his recent letter to the members of the Democratic National Committee, calls forth our unqualified admiration point by point. That he should not have permitted himself to be frightened by the vituperation of some of the rabid drys who do not seem to concede the right to exist of anyone who does not feel as they feel and think as they think, is pleasantly encouraging. The terrorist methods of the drys may shortly be exposed as pure bluff and verbal abusiveness. Mr. Raskob comes back to their attacks on him at the recent meeting of the Democratic Committee in Washington, with an even-tempered manner that is the best disarmament of those who get apoplectic when they should be most calm and judicious. They called names and threatened all sorts of dire things if prohibition were not kept out of the discussions of party policy. There were economic issues, they said, but did not go into them, they were so preoccupied with abusing any suggestion that prohibition was an issue. The effect of this naïveté, is that they want the only issue to be their issue, which is the continuance of prohibition. They are either so fearful of their position, or so unfair, that they will not tolerate discussion or a reference of the matter to the people. This narrow intolerance though it will undoubtedly say some very harsh things, will in the end, we firmly believe, be discredited by Mr. Raskob's temperance.

Mr. Raskob's Suggestions

BESIDES his plan for submitting the entire prohibition question to the people through the established constitutional procedure, he submits his ideas for leading the country out of the morass of business depression and social unrest. He proposes that government shall stay out of business except to safeguard the public by regulation against monopoly and unfair trade practices, and he proposes that citizens contemplating a business merger may beforehand obtain by the decision of a federal commission an assurance not only that their labor shall not have been in vain, but also that they will not be subject to criminal prosecution under the terms of the Sherman law. Business men, we believe, will favor these suggestions as being helpful and fair. For labor he has two concrete suggestions: first, old-age and unemployment insurance; and second, a five-day week without a diminution of weekly wages. The last, we have, in eminently good company, been urging as a solution for the present unemployment caused by the improvement of machinery, and for the depression of business caused by the falling off in buying power because of unemployment. Old-age and unemployment insurance, we believe to be the bulwarks for the capitalist system against Communism. With the capitalist system effectively producing abundant wealth, it should be able to assure these human minimums to all of its people. These are the greatest fears, old-age pauperism and unemployment, which if left unsatisfied might drive the masses to put their faith in another social order. With guarantees against these, we believe Americans would prefer the present system of opportunity for individual initiative and progress.

STRIKING confirmation of the facts set forth in THE COMMONWEAL by Dr. Moore in his first article of the series exposing the fallacies of the stock arguments for birth control, which dealt with the "standing-room-only" scare—the notion, that is, that if left uncorrected by contraception the population would expand to the point where the earth could no longer provide food and standing room for it—is furnished in news despatches from Germany, sent by the Associated Press. An organization called the Hausfrauenbund, or Housewives' Association, has appealed to the nation to increase the birth rate, "the alternative being actual race suicide." Four children to a family are absolutely necessary to maintain Germany's level of population; the present average is two. "In 1929 only every seventeenth woman in Berlin, and every eleventh woman in the country, became a mother, as against every third in 1900." This means, if it continues, an increase in dependents. "While today six aged persons fall burden to every 100 wage-earners, 1961 will see twenty-one dependent on the same number of providers." As Dr. Moore also showed, the only race in Europe the birth rate of which has not fallen greatly in recent years is the Slav. Therefore, the "penetration into Germany of the rapidly multiplying Slavic peoples will entirely supplant the natives," the German organization declares, unless Germany can stop the fall in its birth rate. As a step in that direction, "the Housewives' Association urges a program for the religious and moral regeneration of the nation." The Federal Council of the Protestant Churches in the United States might listen to the cry from Germany, instead of to Mrs. Sanger.

Germany's Declining Births

CRITICISM of capitalism from inside its higher circles is no longer novel, and it continues to appear in such a volume as to indicate that the world depression has done more than merely create multiple misery. It has brought about a very healthy state of self-examination, almost amounting indeed to a sort of examination of conscience, on the part of many leaders of the dominant system, which if pursued thoroughly enough, and soundly enough, may lead to real reformation of the system itself, possibly even to its reconstruction. The dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Business, Wallace Brett Donham, is one of these awakened leaders. He has just published a book, entitled "Business Adrift," introduced by no less a thinker than Alfred North Whitehead, which the *New Republic* makes the subject of an article of a lucid and thought-provoking nature.

A Beacon for Business

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All three—the author of the book, the distinguished philosopher who introduces it, and the journal which comments upon it—are in agreement as to the fact that the business world today is drifting in a disorganized, directionless manner. As Dr. Whitehead puts it: "Mankind is now in one of its rare moods of shifting its outlook. The mere compulsion of tradition has lost its force. It is the business of philosophers, students and practical men to re-create and reënact a vision of the world, conservative and radical, including those elements of reverence and order without which society lapses into riot, a vision penetrated through and through with unflinching rationality. Such a vision is the knowledge which Plato identified with virtue."

OF THE vision which One greater than Plato brought into the world, and which still is being held up before the world by His Church, there is no mention. The task of bringing that vision more clearly and definitely before all men of good-will, however, is not the business of others than those who claim full membership in that Church, the light of which should be, and can be, if its children will it so, the beacon by means of which the business of the world may be saved from being wrecked on the shoals of selfish avarice, or the rocks of Bolshevik revolution. The shifting of the outlook of mankind, to which Dr. Whitehead refers, has only two fundamental courses—one is toward the materialistic Socialism exemplified in Russia, the second is toward a society planned in accordance with Christian principles. Which road shall it be?

Convert to Paganism

LEAVING the critics and the experts in ethnology to deal with the questions as to what place in literature or in science should be assigned to William Seabrook's book, "Jungle Ways," which is the description of the author's adventures and observations in tropical Africa, we think it has a significance, as a news event of a singular and repulsive kind, which calls for mention quite apart from its interest as a piece of remarkable prose, or the light it throws upon the customs of primitive races. If the author has not used the art of fiction and the book is really what it purports to be, namely, the record of actual experiences, veraciously set forth, then we have for the first time, so far as we know, the confession of a deliberate reversion to primitive paganism on the part of a Western white man, of Christian stock, tradition, and, presumably, of Christian training. Devil worship and cannibalism, told about with gusto, and in detail, were part of the author's African experiences; in fact, he went into the jungle with the set purpose to seek and know such experiences, not merely to learn and write about them at second hand, in the manner of most travelers. There are many other horrible experiences related by Mr. Seabrook, but the eating of human flesh and the participation in idol worship and the ritual of jungle mystery religions have more significance than the other episodes, revolting as many of them are.

THERE have been many modern instances of men wearying of Western civilization, and going out from it by many strange paths into the heathendom which still surrounds what is left of Christendom; but no one has gone farther than this American, the son of a Lutheran minister, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that no one has gone deeper. Hilaire Belloc some time ago wrote that the neo-paganism which is growing up in the midst of Christendom, both in Europe and America, was probably on the way to form a sort of moral alliance with the exterior paganism of the East, of Asia, and of Africa as well. We have for some time been deriving new sources of stimulation in our arts from Asia and Africa. Poets and painters in plenty—such names as Rimbaud and Gauguin occur to us in this connection—have brought motives and technical methods as well as material out of the wild places of the world. William Seabrook seems to be the pioneer in the return to actual savagery of life as well as of art. It is to be hoped that few or none will follow him. Otherwise, the book will be a portent, not merely an ugly freak.

Knute Rockne

THERE remains little, at this date, for us to say about Notre Dame's great coach, Knute Rockne. His tragic death by accident occurred several days before this issue was printed, and in the interval the national press has been filled with news stories and editorial tributes which take the edge from any expression of regret or praise of ours, however sincere. President Hoover and ex-President Coolidge have said fine words of appreciation, and the King of Norway (the land of Rockne's birth) appointed a personal representative to attend his funeral. What was the secret of the spell that Rockne cast upon the general imagination? It was of many things compounded. The first ingredient was undoubtedly that stressed so movingly by Father Charles O'Donnell, Notre Dame's president, in his funeral oration: character. Rockne's influence was utterly wholesome and manly, and he gave himself to his work and his institution with a generosity that was unexampled. He was not a poor man, of course, but it was universally known that he had refused almost fabulous offers in order to remain at Notre Dame. Besides his character, there was his magical skill, both in the technique of football itself and in the training of teams; his great showmanship; and his salty humor, original and unfailing, which will make a separate legend in itself. In reading the accounts of his funeral, we are reminded that he came into the Church four years ago. We are glad for what this must have meant of spiritual development to him, for what it must convey of consolation to his bereaved family and friends; and we are proud to claim this splendidly authentic personality as a fellow Catholic.

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Easy Divorce: A Tragedy

OF COURSE the only complete position on marriage is the sacramental position. Only when monogamous union becomes a spiritual alliance committing its participants to a loyalty larger than their own personal feelings, and to the furtherance of purposes both regard as sacred, has it a chance of being perpetuated as a social institution. However, we may be in danger of perceiving this truth without its natural context. Though we are committed, as Catholics, to the teaching that the natural law regarding marriage is in consonance with the law of grace, we occasionally slip into talking as though the two were opposed. It is well to remind ourselves, then, that the mere normal instincts of mankind, when they are unspoiled or when they have been purified, are on our side in the matter. It is especially apropos to do so now, when individuals here and there outside the fold are beginning to fight their way back through the morass of "easy divorces" and "legal contracts terminable at will" to this higher and healthier ground. We do not wish to exaggerate the number of these scattered phenomena, or to seem to imply that of themselves they will ever reclaim society. But we believe that it would be of inestimable spiritual importance to each such individual if, at the moment he is penetrated by the conviction that divorce is no solution for the ills sometimes incident to marriage, he could be made to see that Catholic positive teaching begins at that point.

FOR INSTANCE, the current *Harper's* carries an anonymous contribution, "And So My Wife Divorced Me," which might serve as an autobiography, or saga of disillusionment, for numbers of straight-thinking, well-meaning and unreligious men who are being victimized all around us today. The writer describes himself as a moderate liberal, who had believed in and helped spread the tradition of easy divorce. In return, that tradition was "brought to my own fireside, to the bedside of my little girl and boy. With merciless irony it put out the fire in the fireplace, it took the little girl and boy away, it made the house, once so cheerful as only children can make a home, a place uninhabitable, unendurable. It lowered my pride, broke my spirit, undermined my ambition. Each month, year in and year out, it has exacted a heavy toll in dollars that it galls me to pay. This, in stark reality, is the easy divorce I had advocated." And that this fact of "easy divorce" was, in truth, the active agent his narrative, with its irresistible suggestion of honesty, leaves no doubt. His wife liked smoking, and he disliked having her do it; she enjoyed reading sophisticated authors, and he mistrusted them. This makes up the tale of the differences between them. But under the pull of the powerful outside fact, they were enough. And what was that fact? The tradition that a man and woman, though married, are two; that differing points of view need not be composed, but may be accentuated; above all, "the social convention which says that a husband must not, and the legal convention which supplements it by saying that he need not contest his wife's suit for divorce." It may be said this proves the exact contrary of what we began by stating. If a marriage will yield to so mild a solvent, it may be argued, its natural cohesion is not strong. But our point was not that people subjected to the intensive disintegration of libertarian philosophy will stick. We say that the conscience of normal men continues to uphold marriage, in a definite sense of dislocation and loss, even after their waywardness or stupidity has wrecked it. If this fact could be calmly considered for what it is worth in the increasing number of divorce cases which illustrate it, a healthier and more realistic philosophy than now prevails on this unhappy subject would arise even among those outside the sacramental pale. Meanwhile, we within it have a clear duty to enunciate our principles.

REFLECTIONS ON CATHOLIC ART

WE RECENTLY published an article about the exhibition of paintings of a remarkable family of artists, the La Farges. The word artist, we believe, can advisedly be used here, rather than painter. The work of the La Farges has the quality. They are painters to begin with. They know how to paint. They are not floundering in color on canvas as are so many howlers of our day who cover up their deficiencies by a great deal of explanatory and unhumorous jargon, which is all beside the point. The work of an artist does not need explanation. It has a calm pellucid being and beauty, like the stars in the sky at night, the sea, or a vista of quiet fields, the spiritually soothing and healing quality of which surely everyone has known at some time, or the white and extraordinary beauty of the human body when it is glimpsed in the rare moments of the innocence of Eden. Our reviewer of the exhibition spoke of the static quality of the painting of the La Farges, as a defect. We wonder. This is a question of taste, and speculation possibly has no place in an editorial—but it seems to us that violent action belongs to the cinematograph and that the picturing of states of human passion falls into the story-telling genre which is always a little ridiculous. An obvious exception to this stricture is the Descent from the Cross, or the Agony, because here the story is universally familiar and the moment that the canvas catches is an immortal moment in quite a different degree from a still of some posturing desperado or voluptuary or victim. Painting is a static medium and we feel that it achieves an intrinsic and natural harmony with a static subject. This does not mean to say, that it cannot include subjects in motion. Greek art of course did this to perfection. Its running youths and maidens have been caught in moments of ease, of innocence, perfect moments that are static because there is no purpose to relate them with prior or subsequent acts. Bancel La Farge's blue

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wave in his "Scorpio" seascape gives this sense of cosmic serenity and calm, though as a matter of fact there is nothing more unstable, more in movement, no matter how majestically moving, than a wave. Possibly this might be explained as a recognition by the artist of infinite time and space. He conveys a sense of all actions being etched irrevocably in an eternal scheme of things. Hasty gestures, feverish actions, material facts, may suggest forgetfulness of the inevitable and final order embracing all gestures and all actions and all things in which even they in retrospect have a crystalline, arrested aspect. But fine art does not attempt this. The distinction of the masters of art, it seems to us, is that they in a thrilling manner relate the finite things to the infinite. Of even a humble soul they can portray the nobility and drama, the peak of isolation on which the individual stands in the eye of God.

This we believe is one of the glories of the liturgical art of the Church, and gives it a timeless and universal appeal. This is the essence of the tradition. The work of the primitives had the quality, and down through the constellation of great works which shine like stars in the crown generations of men and women have struggled, as an act of faith and a retribution for sin, to place upon the visible body of the crucified Christ, the quality has somewhat the same universal aspect. It is not freakish because it is in line with a glorious company. It is a part of the common tradition of the brotherhood of man not only in our own generation but also in every generation. There was not even a break with pre-Christianity although there was a salvaging of spiritual values from the limitations of the flesh. This is often a stumbling point for many who cannot understand the true Catholicity of the Church and, from an exclusive preoccupation with temporal evidence and induction, accuse it unjustly of paganisms. It is the point of cleavage, we believe, between the great and enduring art of the living faith in our times and the commercial plaster casts and puerilities which have been simple utilitarian stop-gaps during the period of hurried expansion of the Church in America while it kept step with the equally unusual expansion of the country as a whole. Now that the pioneer rush is over and, relatively speaking, now in a period of greater wealth, Catholic churches as a whole in America are more and more being developed in the true spirit and best tradition of liturgical art.

The La Farge family in the short space of two generations show a remarkable example of this. Though John La Farge was a Catholic and an artist internationally recognized in his own times for the quality of his work, hardly a single example of it found its way into Catholic churches. He did notable things for such Protestant churches as Trinity, in Boston, the first Congregational, in Newport, the Brick Church and the Ascension Church, both on Fifth Avenue, New York, and, on the same avenue in the same city, he did the reredos of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, in collaboration with Augustus St. Gaudens, which was destroyed by fire—while only for the single Catholic church of the Paulist Fathers on Ninth Avenue at 60th Street, New York, did he do any paintings. Here (besides some stained glass, which is another story) a triptych for the nave was begun. Two panels were completed. One, the "Angel of the Moon," is installed over the choir stalls on the 59th Street side of the church, while the other is in the Brooklyn Museum of Art.

In this generation, however, his son, Bancel La Farge, sometimes with the assistance of his own sons, has devoted a distinguished life of art to work in numerous Catholic churches. These are so scattered throughout the country that we believe it will be interesting to mention them, as our readers may very likely have opportunities to see them. At St. Charles College, Catonsville, Maryland, are sanctuary decorations, "Coronation of the Virgin," "The Trinity," etc. In the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Providence, are wall paintings, "Christ in Glory," "Madonna Enthroned," "Crucifixion," and "Christ Blessing Children." In St. Paul's Seminary Chapel, St. Paul (besides windows in the cathedral) are wall paintings, "The River of Life," "Jeremiah and Isaiah," "St. Joseph," "Madonna," and sanctuary angels, and the tympanum with the subject "Christ and His Disciples: 'Feed My Sheep; Feed My Lambs.'" In the Church of St. Agatha, Philadelphia, are the Stations of the Cross. In the Chapel of Trinity College for young women, at Washington, is the mosaic decoration of the tympanum, "The Coronation of the Virgin," the cartouche of which, done by Mr. Bancel La Farge and his son, Thomas, was shown at the exhibition of secular art of the La Farge family mentioned in a recent issue. This is a charming example of the artist's work. The gaiety and light of it is altogether suitable to the subject and reflects the gaiety proper to young girls and the proverbial cheerfulness of nuns. The entire conception is in the best tradition, intellectually and spiritually, of Catholic liturgical art.

Also in Washington, is a work which alone would testify to the extraordinary range and creativeness of this artist, and the appreciation and amplitude of opportunity which the Church today offers. This is the mosaic decoration of fifteen altar pieces in the crypt of the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, at the Catholic University of America. This shrine, designed by Mr. Charles D. MacGinnis, one of our most eminent Catholic architects, erected to the glory of Immaculate Mary, the patroness of the United States, of splendid dimensions, of the finest materials including the use of many valuable and semi-precious stones, of leisured and meticulously perfected beauty of detail, is a fitting note on which to end. It is a testimonial for the centuries of the art of the Church, which finds ample scope for vigorous self-expression of the artists in making the best of local requirements and opportunities while carrying on traditions which have some share of the immutability of great truths.

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THE WORLD BANK

By GERHARD HIRSCHFELD

The growth of the Bank for International Settlements has been little short of extraordinary. As the writer here states, it has within a year become an international clearing house and an institution of world-wide prestige. On reflection it seems an inevitable step following the interdependence of nations in the exchanges of commodities due to the improvement and speeding-up of means of transportation and communication. Having its origins in the attempt to unsnarl the tangled credits of war-time obligations, it is seen to be rapidly developing into a corner-stone of the whole capitalist credit system.—The Editors.

THE BANK for International Settlements—the "rich uncle" of Europe—is rounding out its first year of existence. Upon it the nations of Europe have lavished the sort of welcome reserved by poor families for the fabulously wealthy relation from overseas. Arriving with glistening new luggage and the reputation of a Croesus, he is given the best bed and a place at the head of the table. His relations accord him all deference, hoping for a gift or a legacy. The comparison is not too freely drawn. In this case the relations have not stopped at hoping. They have asked outright for their boons and in many cases are receiving them.

The magical powers attributed to the B.I.S., as it is popularly known, by the masses of Europe are little short of amazing. Its letter bags bulge with correspondence from individuals all over the Continent. Daily a plea is received from some German carpenter who wants help in lifting a $1,000 mortgage on his little home. Widows write to ask cash advances for the college educations of their sons. Czech peasants laboriously scrawl out offers to sell their crops to the bank at advantageous prices. Ridiculous as they may seem, these instances serve well to show the popular reaction to the organization all over the Continent of Europe, how even the most insignificant people have come to associate the bank with their financial hopes or dreams. To thousands upon thousands the bank is looked upon as an economic saviour—an open-handed helper for anyone who needs aid.

There are a number of reasons for this widespread popularity of an organization whose work would ordinarily seem intelligible only to educated financial minds. To begin with, most of Europe is poor and is quick to seize upon the slightest straw of relief, even to the extent of confusing high finance with sociology. Secondly, the most powerful central banks of Europe and the best financial brains of the world stand behind it. And last but far from least is the fact that the institution is the product of American initiative and exists through American coöperation, financial support and executive ability. Uncle Sam, to Europe's millions, is still the traditional long-legged figure loaded down with money bags and seeking an outlet for his riches.

As the name implies, the Bank for International Settlements was founded for the purpose of collecting and distributing German reparations payments under the Young Plan. Its immediate function is the transferal of German payments to Allied credit. As for the first thirty-seven years the payments are $488,000,000 annually, scaling down in 1966 to $380,000,000 and increasing later to $404,000,000 until 1985, it can be seen that the bank's initial task is something considerable.

Before its establishment, the transfer of such huge sums in German marks caused marked disturbances in the world's financial centers. Through the medium of the B.I.S., the Reichsbank, the Central Bank of Germany, now merely has to write to Basel every month saying it has placed at its disposal so many pounds sterling in the Bank of England, so many francs in the Banque de France, so many liras in Italy and belgas in Belgium and so forth. And the B.I.S. proceeds to dispose of the funds as it thinks best.

Even to the lay mind, it immediately becomes obvious that the B.I.S. in reality amounts to much more than an organization created merely to settle reparations payments. Its existence solves in a comparatively simple manner the complicated problem of international exchange and of money transfer from one country to another. Today it deals with reparations and the financial problems of nations. It is not too far-fetched to visualize that tomorrow it will facilitate the transactions of the ordinary business man, who will merely have to write to the World Bank, tell it about his deal and let it take care of the financial details.

The bank grew out of the second reparations conference at The Hague in the spring of 1929. While Dr. Hjalmar Schacht of the German Reichsbank was squabbling with Henri Cheron of France, and Philip Snowden of Britain made the front pages by telling them both where they got off, J. P. Morgan and his partner, Thomas A. Lamont, were working on a plan. A little later, in coöperation with Owen D. Young, the draft for the World Bank took form and soon after was put into action.

Europe's first reaction was characteristic. Commentators were distrustful, and often outspokenly derogatory. Europe is still resentful of America's wealth. It will take more than a temporary financial depression in America to change this view. One still hears comments like: "The World Bank? That's the United States, of course." But the beneficial results of the organization's existence have already been felt so strongly that that which was feared as a scheming adventurer has turned out to be the "rich uncle" in the flesh. Discussing finance with Europeans, time and again one will hear America's influence in the World

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Bank stressed with or without justification. What has made the European layman consider this organization so thoroughly "Americanized," in spite of the fact that most of its officers are Europeans and European Central Banks are so closely involved?

To answer this question, one must consider the entire economic and financial condition of Europe. The Old World is in the grip of an economic depression the like of which has never been known in the United States. In the light of American conditions, even at their worst, some of the facts and figures seem hardly believable. For example, 90 percent of Germany's population earn less than 200 marks a month, equivalent in buying power to $100 in the United States. Seven percent of Britain's population are unemployed (the equivalent of this in the United States would be 8,500,000). Austria is living entirely on foreign loans. Italy is unable to raise a $125,000,000 loan abroad. Virtually all the European nations are dependent upon their neighbors for the majority of their exports, yet are building tariff walls for the purpose of keeping out the imports of their European competitors.

The economic depression would have been infinitely worse were it not for the quick and generous financial support of the United States, which aided many European nations in their post-war reconstruction. Since the war, $3,000,000,000 has been poured into Germany, most of it from the United States. American investments have made Germany the most up-to-date industrial nation on the European continent. What is true of Germany is, to a certain extent, duplicated in Austria, Poland, France, Great Britain and Italy. It is estimated that actual outstanding American investments in Europe, outside of refunding loans, reach the staggering total of $5,550,000,000. It isn't difficult to see why Europe thinks of Uncle Sam roaming about the earth with overflowing money bags in both hands.

But there are other reasons behind the economic expansion of the United States in Europe. The Old World still consumes about half of America's exports. Neither high tariffs, mergers of manufacturing interests nor recognition of the danger of American competition can shut out Henry Ford and the rest. If tariffs are prohibitive, the American manufacturer circumnavigates them by establishing European assembly plants and branch factories. Mergers are fought on the basis of lower prices, larger credit concessions and mass production. There are some two thousand branch factories in foreign countries controlled by American interests, employing about half a million men. They are spread all over the five continents, but the majority are in Europe.

And not only as a consumer is Europe of importance to the overseas interests of American commerce. She is of truly imposing value as a manufacturer. It must be remembered that Europe is buying, year in and year out, goods valued at $20,000,000 from raw-material-producing countries and the latter, in turn, are thus enabled to buy more from the United States.

But what has all this to do with the World Bank? By coincidence or design, the World Bank is following the channels through which American finance, commerce and industry are extending throughout the world. This is not surprising if you consider that on one side the United States has emerged victorious from the World War, which in the final analysis was an economic struggle, to become the world's foremost political, financial and industrial power, while on the other side has been created a bank personifying the zenith of international financial power, a "bank of banks," if you will. There really isn't anything to be wondered at in the parallel between American economic expansion abroad and the gradual increase of the bank's influence on the world market. One must bear in mind that few factories are run without credit, few exports made without letters of credit, and hardly any operation realized, either in transportation or distribution, where the financial angle is not of importance.

In simple words, the United States is sitting on top of the economic world, while the B.I.S. occupies the most important seat in international finance. Had they no original alliance, the laws of economics would automatically have brought the two forces together.

To draw a practical comparison, I know of a small village whose most important asset is a relatively large factory. The interests of the president of this concern spread far beyond the walls of his plant. As a progressive industrialist he gave much thought to better living quarters for his employees. He supported the organization of clubs and athletic associations and improved transportation facilities, all with an eye to more efficient production. Attracted by the development in this village, a banking institution opened a branch. The manufacturer and the bank president soon found out they could help one another. The bank profited from the money the workers saved from their salaries, and the factory made good use of the credits the bank could extend out of its financial resources. All concerned benefited by this coöperation between finance and industry.

This, on a small scale, and true, incidentally, of American industrial towns from coast to coast, is what is happening on the infinitely broader platform of the world market. Finance and industry, their eyes open to the fact that nothing can be accomplished by marching in different directions, are coöperating as they never have before, and as a result, the well-being of the world has become dependent upon the easy and unhampered functioning of financial and industrial relationships. Thus it is natural that the leading force in world industry, the United States, and in world finance, the International Bank, should be drawn together, notwithstanding asseverations to the contrary. Seen in this light, it matters little whether the Federal Reserve Bank of the United States remains aloof from the official scheme of the B.I.S., or whether Washington retains its "magnificent isolation." There are some things too powerful even for politics, and economics, as Dr. Schacht has often said, is one of them.

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The World Bank and American economic expansion, however, are far from hostile to one another. The Bank for International Settlements is distinctly an American achievement. It is Owen D. Young's brain-child. Closely associated with it are three American banks, the famous House of Morgan, the First National Bank of Chicago and the First National Bank of New York. Its president and chairman is Gates W. McGarrah, former chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Jackson E. Reynolds and Melvin A. Traylor, both outstanding American bankers, have been largely responsible for working out details of the organization, the former presiding at Baden-Baden when the statutes were drafted.

Having demonstrated the scope of American influence, we can turn to the bank's activities. Briefly, the organization tends to eliminate the struggle between politics and finance in Europe, establishing in its stead an institution stripped of political tendencies and prejudices, with the sole purpose of extending financial help to those who need it. The B.I.S. is working for stabilization. It is axiomatic that while no nation is any longer dependent upon stabilized markets in an economic sense, the United States is the only one with sufficient power and prestige to bring them about.

The achievements of the bank thus far may be summarized as follows: (1) It has granted a $125,000,000 loan to Germany to aid Chancellor Heinrich Bruening in balancing his budget. (2) It is studying ways and means of solving the tangled problem of distribution of the world's gold and credit. (3) It is negotiating with the Bank of Spain for stabilization of the peseta. (4) It has granted short-term loans to Poland, Rumania and Czechoslovakia, passed on by the Central Banks of these nations to agrarian banks for the aid of needy farmers and peasants. (5) It has loaned Greece $1,000,000 for agricultural support.

Is it any wonder that Europeans, particularly the agrarian classes, look upon the bank as an agricultural loan association or, to be more precise, an international pawnshop where ready cash can be had without the stringent political conditions usually attached to loans from large nations such as France, Italy and England?

Some of the bank's activities thus far are worthy of a little more detail. So far as the German loan is concerned, it is understood French and British banking interests refused to participate, and that American bankers subscribed about $85,000,000, while German, Swedish and Dutch banks furnished the remainder. Germany, using the World Bank as a medium, apparently keeps on borrowing in the same manner as heretofore, taking the largest share from the United States and collecting the remainder from Europe's corners.

A vivid example of how the World Bank tries to stabilize conditions was furnished during the recent acute economic crisis in Germany incident to the political disturbance arising from the election victory of the German Fascists. Perceiving the danger, the B.I.S. promptly increased its investments in Germany to strengthen the financial and industrial situation. If the German view of the World Bank as a successor to J. P. Morgan is not justified, at least this attitude has not been contradicted by events which have taken place.

So far as Spain is concerned, the bank's activities are of wide importance. For months the peseta has been on the toboggan. The political unrest of the entire last decade, the fall of Primo de Rivera and the revolutionary agitation which has followed, have rendered even more unstable a currency hard hit by economic depression. Stabilization means safety, reorganization and a golden opportunity for the rehabilitation of finance, commerce and industry. In this case, the B.I.S. is performing a function prohibited to national banks by political restrictions or risks involved.

The same applies to distribution of the world's gold reserve. The bank was appealed to in this matter because of its absolute freedom from any political entanglements. It is likely the results in this case will surpass anything that could have been done in the past regarding gold distribution by international conferences of statesmen or bankers.

A word for France's attitude, for France, after all, is king-pin of Europe. France does not need financial support, but she does want stability and consolidation of the tremendous gains she made in the war. She fears Germany and her altogether too rapid recovery. She is not popular because she rules the roost in European finance and has aroused distrust by her military prowess. She has gained most by the war and is therefore envied by the remainder. So France has turned to the bank as a protector of her interests. Its existence assures continued payments of German reparations, and therefore constitutes an instrument against her traditional enemy. But there is a fly in the ointment. France's financial resources are great, but those of the B. I. S. are greater still. France formerly was the nation to which smaller countries turned for loans, and now the bank invades sacred territory, helping out with short-term investments in Spain and the Balkans. You cannot blame France for not liking it.

A year ago Owen Young predicted the bank ultimately would become a dominant international economic force. In a review of the first six months' work, President McGarrah revealed this prediction had already been realized. The assets of the bank have increased from 300,000,000 Swiss francs to almost 1,800,000,000, indicating the power it can wield in supporting the nations of Europe. Mr. McGarrah reiterated that while the bank was created primarily to handle German reparations, this has now become one of the lesser phases of its work. It has become, in short, an international clearing house.

Its achievements are something of which American finance, American business and America as a whole can feel justly proud. It is likewise to the credit of the B.I.S. that in its first year it has become an institution of world-wide prestige and influence. No one can underrate the part it will play in economics of the future.

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THE CONTRACEPTION OF PROSPERITY

By EDWARD ROBERTS MOORE

PRESENT unemployment may not rightly be explained in terms of overpopulation, nor is population restriction its solution.

The prosperity the United States enjoyed up to the end of the third decade of this century was founded on a steady increase in population; the recapture and projection into the future of this prosperity depend upon the existence of a constant even though infinitesimal coefficient of continued increase; a stable or declining population cannot but result in a complete and painful readjustment of our entire economic and industrial system, accompanied by declining prices, falling wages and increased chronic unemployment. In fact, it may well be that no small proportion of the present economic malaise is attributable to the slowing up in the rate of increase in the number of consumers and the rapid rearrangement in the age composition of our population that has been going on since the World War. Perhaps it is that we are feeling the jar of this slowing-up process just as we do when the brakes of a fast-moving train are suddenly set.

Unemployment in the mind of the bulk of the population, is nothing but an excess of job-hunters over jobs. Remove this excess by reducing the number of job-hunters, says neo-Malthusian economic theory, and the problem is solved.

This happy fantasy is surrounded with a pleasing aura of plausibility. But unfortunately no such simple formula will suffice. As Robbins points out: ". . . It is very seldom that there is a slump in the labor market without the cry of overpopulation being raised. In its crude form, of course, this view is quite inadmissible. As Sir William Beveridge has shown, unemployment is normally to be regarded as a by-product of industrial change and maladjustment. It is not to be regarded as a function of long-run productivity. Clearly the popular view which attributes any and every appearance of unemployment to overpopulation . . . deserves nothing but contempt."[1]

Even the neo-Malthusian A. M. Carr-Saunders recognizes the unsoundness of the explanation of unemployment in terms of overpopulation. "It may be observed," he says, "that the phenomenon of unemployment as generally seen in industrial countries is not evidence of overpopulation. . . . It is due to certain maladjustments in the industrial system, such as the decay of industries, the seasonal and cyclical fluctuations of trade, and the position as to the normal reserve of labor."[2]

The distinguished international economist, Dr. Robert R. Kuczynski of the Brookings Institution of Washington, D. C., is even more emphatic. In an address delivered at the Thirty-Fourth Annual Meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, held in Philadelphia, May 2, 1930, he made this statement: "I even venture to say that if one set out to *increase* unemployment in this country for the next fifteen years he could find no more efficient means than birth restriction on a very large scale."[3]

The last century and a half has witnessed an astonishing industrial and economic development in the United States. This movement has been accompanied by a constant rise in the level of real wages and a steady advance in the standard and scale of living. So accustomed have we become to this robust and healthy growth, that in spite of occasional attacks of acute economic indigestion, we have come complacently to regard our constantly increasing wealth and prosperity as due to some inherent superiority over other peoples, enabling us the better to mobilize natural resources, favorable climate and accessibility to the sea in the erection of a mighty economic structure. But no such inherent superiority exists: *the primary explanation of the phenomenon loosely described as the prosperity of the United States lies in the constant expansion of its consuming market.*

Let us dispassionately review the events leading to our economic and industrial eminence. Our initial colonial population consisted wholly of European adults. A high birth rate prevailed among them, and because of the absence of a great number of people of advanced years, there was a relatively low death rate throughout almost the entire colonial period. The consequent and considerable excess of births over deaths resulted in a steady and rapid natural growth in population, a growth that has continued up to the present day, although, as indicated in the first article of this series, this growth is now diminishing and will soon cease entirely. The disturbed conditions in Europe and the almost privileged position in regard to commercial, industrial and agricultural expansion that the young republic came to occupy soon after the establishment of its independence, resulted in a steady increase in its population from another source also—immigration.

Resulting from and in proportion to this rapid twofold increase of population, by natural growth and by accretion, came a rising spiral in land values, and a stimulation to every sort of production, whether of goods or of services. Prices became higher, real wages steadily advanced, and the scale of living rose. But there was nothing inherently brilliant in this high-price, high-wage, mass-production set-up. Our almost inexhaustible natural resources (said with due regard

[1] Lionel Robbins, "The Optimum Theory of Population," pp. 125-126.
[2] A. M. Carr-Saunders, "The Population Problem: A Study in Human Evolution," p. 312. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
[3] "Annals of the A. A. P. and S. S.," July, 1930, pp. 1 ff.

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for neo-Malthusian animadversions on this point) did indeed play an important part, but essentially it is to the constantly growing population, the automatic augmentation of the number of consumers, that our national wealth of today is due. (The bearing on this discussion of the so-called "law of diminishing returns," and of the neo-Malthusian concept of the "optimum" population, will be discussed in a later article of this series.)

So much, then, is evident: The astonishing economic development of the United States has been the direct result of steady and rapid increase in population. We may now go a step further: A future stationary and then declining population will not only render impossible the continuation of this development, but will result in the loss of much that has been achieved.

It is at this point that Average Citizen may take special note. He may have read the opening article of this series and been interested and probably surprised, but not particularly concerned, to learn that a decline in reproduction has already set in throughout much of the world with which he is most familiar. He may not even have realized the full implications involved in the establishing of American industry upon the basis of a constantly expanding market. He wants to know how all these things concern *him*. He is not interested in cosmic trends; to him it is the economic security and prosperity of his own family group that are of vital importance.

His quite proper question may be briefly but not at all reassuringly answered: A declining or even a stationary population will be most inimical not merely to national prosperity but *to his own individual and personal financial status*. Dr. Kuczynski states the case well: "How is it possible," he says, "that fewer children would not mean a general economic relief when we see in daily life that those who have only, say, one child can afford a better living than those who have three or more children? My answer to this question is very simple. Mr. Smith, the real estate agent, is economically better off with one child than with more children *as long as other people have more children*. But if the rest of the community should have one child per family, Mr. Smith would starve because there would be practically no demand for new buildings. A man may live comfortably from a business which mainly depends on the increase of population even if he does not himself contribute to that increase. But he can do this *only as long as others do not follow his example*."[1]

Dr. Kuczynski's selection of the field of real estate to point his principle may perhaps not be entirely fortuitous. Almost at the moment of the penning of this article, a group of leading realtors of the City of New York is met to discuss the situation. Under serious consideration is a two-year moratorium in building for commercial purposes, *because production in this field already exceeds demand*. If it were brought home to this group that by reason of a declining population future demand would grow less and less, what would be the result in terms of value, rent and future construction?

What, after all, is the ultimate determinant of land value? If it is a question of land to be developed for commercial use, does it not in the last analysis rest upon a calculation of the number of people who may be expected to pass a given point or to desire headquarters in the center of a given area? If there is reason for assuming that this number will increase, the desirability of the location will be enhanced, and its value will increase. If, on the other hand, it appears probable that a constantly decreasing stream of potential customers will flow by, the prudent investor will think and think again before he ties up his capital or spends his surplus in a venture whose future offers no prospect of even a small yield to say nothing of security. *But predictable population decline, as now verified in the United States, spells just this situation on a national scale.*

Average Citizen may have one or more of several relationships to the property in question. In all cases, however, he is the loser, for *value is always discounted in terms of future demand*. He may have owned the property—he must sell at a loss, absolute or relative. He may have been a real estate agent—and found the making of a sale more difficult and his commission smaller. He may have erected a building upon the site—the absence of yields from his investment will reflect its low market value. Or he may have opened a store on the corner—and found his customers day by day decreasing in number. Or Average Citizen may be in one of the building trades. He may be anything from architect or general contractor to humble artizan. But in any event, a decline in the need for space so considerable as to result in the abandonment of the plan to build would be disastrous for him. Yet such is the situation that will result from a declining population.

Let us transfer our attention to an entirely different field. There are in the neighborhood of eight million "average citizens" in the United States who are engaged in agriculture. "The plight of the American farmers consists in that they produce much more than the 120,000,000 inhabitants of the United States can possibly consume. They find, of course, a partial outlet by selling abroad, but food exports are becoming more and more difficult on account of the large number of food-exporting countries all over the world, and competition probably will become even more severe when Russia again emerges as an exporter of grain and when the population of western and northern Europe ceases to grow.[2] . . . He [the American farmer] will indeed find no cure for his trouble in a stationary or decreasing population."[3]

[1] "Annals of the A. A. P. and S. S.," July, 1930, pp. 1 ff.

[2] See first article of this series, "The Standing-Room-Only Myth," in THE COMMONWEAL, April 8, 1931.

[3] Kuczynski, in "Annals of the A. A. P. and S. S.," July, 1930.

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With this view Dr. O. E. Baker of the United States Department of Agriculture emphatically agrees. "A stationary population," he wrote recently, "would have serious consequence for the American farmer, whose production has increased probably over 50 percent in the last ten years. . . . A decreasing population would be a calamity, if present conditions of production persisted and larger markets were not found." (Parenthetically, attention may be recalled to Dr. Kuczynski's opinion, quoted above, on the probability of extending our markets, by exporting our surplus products!) Dr. Baker continues: "Farm land values doubtless would decline almost everywhere, farms would be abandoned more extensively than at present [Again parenthetically, from 1925 to 1929 alone there was a decline of 76,700 in the number of farms.], taxes on the remaining land in the less fertile farming areas would rise and force the abandonment of still more farms, the maintenance of schools and roads would become increasingly difficult in these localities. . . ." [1]

Startling confirmation of this statement is given by the Federal Farm Board in its announcement of March 22 of the enforced cessation of its emergency stabilization operations. It is estimated that the Grain Stabilization Corporation now has in storage more than one hundred million bushels of wheat and in addition holds a substantial—perhaps an equal—amount in futures. A recent estimate by Chairman Stone of the Board placed this year's carry-over in excess of three hundred million bushels. To remove this surplus and make the American price independent of the lower world level, the board has continually urged the farmers to curtail their acreage. Alexander Legge, who recently retired as chairman, declared that a reduction by 20 percent would be necessary.

Perhaps the agricultural problem is the most acute of the many confronting the United States today—in the light of the above-mentioned facts the neo-Malthusian prescription merely adds insult to injury.

If space permitted, one might traverse the whole field of industry. Population restrictionists frequently base their conclusions on the "subsistence wage theory" (also known as the "iron law of wages") or the "wage fund theory," both of which postulate a decrease in per capita real income for every population increase. Yet the elaborate calculations of H. Paul Douglass indicate that "the employed workers in American industry as a whole were economically 53 percent better off in 1926 than during the decade 1890-1899." [2] A. H. Hansen calculated that real wages in this country were three times better off in 1923 than in 1820.[3] Studies by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics and the National Bureau of Economic Research substantiate these conclusions, leaving no shadow of question that increase in real wages has gone hand in hand with population growth.

How different a picture of the future may be drawn of a society held fast in the throes of population decline! With the remorseless if gradual contraction of the consuming market, margins of profit will steadily decline in the great bulk of industries and commercial centers. Steady shrinkage will take place in building operations, but this will not arrest the downward pressure upon rents, particularly for space planned for industrial, commercial and professional use. An inevitable consequence of this development will be a lessening of the market value of mortgages and similiar securities, accompanied by a decline in interest rates. The net effect of this movement of profits, rents and interest, and of the developments to which they give rise, must inevitably be a material decline in wages and the scale of living, and a steady fall in prices.

But this is not all. A declining population results in a disproportionate piling up of people in the upper age groups. In the twenty years from 1920 to 1940 the proportion of people over fifty in this country will have risen from about one-sixth to one-quarter. This must mean a great increase in the number of those dependent in whole or in part upon their relatives, upon charitable institutions, or upon the taxpayer. By 1940 it is likely that hardly a state in this union will have failed to enact elaborate old-age pension legislation.

The effect of this accumulation of fiscal burden must be a heavier load upon the men and women of the most productive ages, with consequent deferment of marriage, and still further reduction of the birth rate; while the death rate, with the preponderance of the upper age group, will continue to advance. Unless the Slavs or the colored races are destined to provide not only the consumers but the producers, and eventually the administrators as well, the whole complicated economico-political structure, slowly put together by earlier generations and still more or less efficiently operating, will enter shortly upon a period of declining efficiency, and conceivably, in a future closer to us and more real than the "overcrowding" predicted by advocates of the prevention of births, may cease to function at all, at least in any fashion recognizable to us.

[1] O. E. Baker, "Menace of Overproduction," edited by Scoville Hamlin, p. 57.
[2] H. Paul Douglass, "Real Wages in the United States, 1890-1926," p. 489.
[3] A. H. Hansen, "Factors Affecting Trend of Real Wages," in *American Economic Review*, March, 1925, p. 32.

When I Sing

When I sing, I give my all—
Because I am poor.
And I have none to pray with but my voice;
When you hear the skylark sing,
That is the song it warms its wings
To bear my heart.

I give my all when I sing—
With the plenitude of giving
That I may be starved again;
And like the nightingale,
I arise and be myself like a singing-star.

M. de Gracia Concepción.

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Places and Persons

A VISIT TO A FRIEND

By MARTHA GENUNG STEARNS

WE SUMMON a taxi at the hotel door, get in and are whirled away. Those who do not know the street life of modern Rome cannot guess with what uncertain hopes and trepidations that simple statement is fraught. Compared with American cities, the Roman traffic is not heavy; but its noise is beyond compare. Its drivers are a special race of men; after these decades of motors, the fittest have survived —men of no nerves at all and in whom the milk of human kindness is turned to gasoline. The horns and hooters of its buses are cunningly adjusted to wring the utmost in agonized response from the quivering nerves, so that one jumps involuntarily even when inside a perfectly safe railing or doorway; its mortorcycles are beyond words. It is a question whether one is less liable to complete collapse outside a Roman taxi or in.

Our frail bark with its freight of human souls coasts down the hill, describes a lordly curve around the boat fountain in the Piazza di Spagna, and sets off down the Via Condotti, crossing the Corso. Here at least there are traffic policemen, immobile statues who hold thick white batons pointing in the desired direction like human signboards. Their attention is all for vehicles, however; bicyclists and the lesser forms of human life must take their chance.

Presently there is the Tiber in the morning sunshine, and we are swinging around that great bastion of Sant' Angelo which has looked down on so many Romes. Now we are in the older city with its simpler and quieter affairs; but not yet may the leaping heart of the nervous passenger be assuaged. There are delivery boys swooping around corners with flat baskets on their heads containing everything from plaster statues to chocolate éclairs, which they balance with one hand while they steer a wobbly wheel with the other. There are fiery citizens who stop for vehement argument in the middle of the street as if it were an uninhabited desert island. There are singularly oblivious clergy who look neither to the right nor left; and there are the children . . .

But we reach without fatal accident the final narrow street at the end of which is that first near vista of the great dome—the Borgo Nuovo. On either side are shops strung with baskets and brooms, kneeling stools, rosaries, sausages and umbrellas and holy pictures. We skid back and forth across the tram tracks and try to shave the coat-tails off an unwary pedestrian who escapes us by an inch. The dome looks very near, but we still must cross the piazza, within the circle of the great colonnade, the entrance into Vatican City. As we move past, there is the continual interplay of shafts of light and shadow among those triple rows of columns; and there is the never-waning wonder of the fountains which forever fling their leaping challenge into the air to hang there between earth and sky.

At the foot of the wide shallow steps we leave our Jehu at last, with devout thanks to Santa Francesca Romana and Saint Christopher. We climb them slowly, with pauses and backward looks at the thought of the concourse of pilgrims, a multitude which no man can number, who have set their feet on these same stones. Then we enter the portico of St. Peter's Church and lift the heavy leather curtain—and at last we come into a place of quiet.

First there is this feeling of peace that the noises of the world have been shut out. Then there is the exhilaration, the lifting up, that a great enclosed space gives. We are safely within, enclosed; but we are sensible of the breadth, the height and the depth only the more because of its limits. The finite mind must have a comparison, a point between it and infinity to measure by. I do not mean that we are concerned with the guide-book's statement that the whole of St. Mark's together with its campanile could be contained in this great shell. I mean that as we lift up our eyes from the crucifix on the high altar to the gigantic canopy over it and thence to the very apex of the vast dome above, we are halfway to heaven.

Then there is another feeling which begins, and goes on growing: the gradual beginning of a sort of shrinkage, a return to normal size, a sense that this place was meant for us, belongs to us, and is full of friends. It is to visit a special friend that we have come. Is it only that our eyes have become accustomed to vastness, or have we grown a little?

First, of course, there is the visit of courtesy to be paid to the Blessed Sacrament, in Its chapel on the right. Then there is a salutation to the tomb of Saint Peter before the high altar. We lean for a few moments against the base of a column, looking about us at leisure, for no matter how often one visits this place, one never becomes quite used to it. Today we are in the midst of the Roman winter, and this has been, all told, a lean year for tourists, so there are very few distractions on this particular cold, sunny morning. Even the pilgrims are not as much in evidence as usual; we almost have the place to ourselves. A couple of papal gendarmes in their swinging cloaks disappear and reappear at slow intervals in their strolling. There is a continual soft chipping and tapping from some workmen who are relaying a section of the marble pavement, the work being done in memory of Cardinal Merry del Val who had it at heart just before he died. There are two nuns with a little party

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of country schoolgirls who are lost in awe and walk with their heads in the air. And there is a handful of visitors like ourselves. But it does not seem empty. The dome is filled with great slanting beams of sunlight which stream down from some lofty windows. The very air is full of life.

We cross to the left aisle where the gigantic marble statue of Pope Pius X flings its arms in the air, and pause there for a moment; but this is not what we are seeking. We refuse to be convinced by it as a portrait, for the man who was described by one of his chamberlains as "serene, rather sorrowful, his movements dignified, quiet and slow," would never have needed such extravagant gesture to emphasize his thought; and the face is not the one we knew. As a monument it is lacking in proportion and dignity. One must look up at it with head thrown back, because of its height and the intervention of a great pier in front of it, and one is conscious only of solidified billows of marble. So we soon pass on, around the corner of the transept.

There is a small curving stairway which descends through the thickness of the inner walls, then a further gentle incline like a tunnel with painted walls, and one comes into the low, dimly lighted, stone-paved spaces of the crypt. Tremendous round pillars and broad arches bear on their mighty bowed shoulders the weight of the incalculable marbles above. Some of these aisles are closed at present to the public by wooden screens; but over the tops of these the soft indirect light shows vistas of arch after arch. Here at our right is what we have come to find—the place where Pius X lies. The plain white marble sarcophagus stands slightly raised upon a block of black marble, and on its front are the words PIUS PAPA X, surmounted with the sacred Chi-Rho monogram. A further inscription is carved on a small stone slab set into the floor below it, and it is enclosed within a brass railing, with kneeling benches outside. It could not be more simple; we feel that it is as he himself would have chosen.

But that is not all. The sarcophagus is surrounded by a circle of candle flames; no small tapers, but tall columns of wax which burn in this still air with a full, soaring flame. And the top of the marble casket as well as the floor within the railing is strewn with flowers and green leaves, some faded, some fresh from the morning's gathering. There are few tributes here that show a florist's interposition; they are rather of the sort that peasants leave before a country roadside shrine—a couple of carnations, a single marguerite with a twist of green. They look like the loving gifts of children.

While we kneel here, many people come and go. A few stay long. Across a space, in the opposite niche lies the fine recumbent bronze figure of Benedict XV, with a light burning at its foot; and nearer still, at the right, is the tomb of Cardinal Merry del Val, Pius's loved and trusted Secretary of State. One feels that their long companionship and intercourse still goes on. For this place does not in the least suggest death, not even a lying-in-state. It is a place where things happen.

A young priest with peering eyes behind very thick lenses is kneeling upright and motionless. A young woman rises from her knees and bends over to touch the marble above the carved name. A mother with a small girl and a baby points and whispers, "Papa Pio!" and the baby stares with round eyes at the candles, but the little girl kneels and says her prayer, gazing intently, and when she jumps up again, makes a very large and inclusive sign of the cross on her small person and throws a kiss from the palm of her hand. Does she know what this Pope has done for her and her like in the coming generations—how very specially he belongs to her?

It is drawing toward the noon hour and more visitors come. There are a few tourists and sightseers among them, who stand and look, circle slowly away and come back again; but for the most part these visits are purposeful and recollected, and almost everyone, in taking leave, touches the marble reverently. We remember that it is a long walk across the great piazza, over the many steps and down the length of the nave to this spot. One doesn't simply drop in on the way by, as at some church in a busy street. These people have come on purpose to kneel here, though it may be for two minutes only. More than sixteen years have passed since Pius X was brought here; but he still lives in the memory of Rome, vitally and usefully, and he is still loved. Every bit of green, every prayer and every kiss from a child's hand speak of this devotion. Many feet seek out the little winding stone stairs down into these catacombs where St. Peter's dead lie, their number constantly increasing.

It was the war which broke Pope Pius's heart, and now the war itself is being forgotten as the old among us disappear and the young are coming on. But those sorrowful and prophetic eyes of Pius saw what the world has still before it in these years of depression and disorder. He foresaw that the finest and strongest of a whole generation would be killed, leaving a great rent torn in the ranks of his world-children; he saw, too, the breaking down, and the renewing that would be needed. And to prepare the young and unready to take, perhaps prematurely, their places in the struggle, he gave them their strength and their Saviour; he introduced them early to the heavenly intercourse. This is a gift in perpetuity, not only to those children of his own later years, but for those now, and those to come.

Perhaps that is what we feel so strongly here—that solicitude for us that is to go on. The "restoring all things in Christ," the care of the shepherd for his flock, who often feel in these days of gathering clouds, so helpless. Then we remember that the strength of the Church is unchanging, more enduring than these mighty shoulders of stone about us, for it holds up the weight of the world. And in another Pius,

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still gloriously reigning, we have that continuity exemplified.

They say here in Rome that on an occasion of great anxiety for the present Holy Father, Pius X came and walked and talked with him in the gardens of the Vatican. We do not know . . . but we do know that his spirit is to be felt very near this resting-place of his. He put his life into that effort "Instaurare omnia in Christo," and he cannot forget it now.

It is time to go, and we bend over to touch in our turn the cool marble. We leave the young priest with his poor dim eyes still kneeling there motionless. After all, this is but one day out of the Roman year, and not even a special day. Our own personal needs and requests, which seem so important to us, are only one infinitesimal part of all that is brought here to the tomb of the saintly Pontiff, day after day, to be restored.

A TALK WITH CHANCELLOR BRUENING

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THE ADVENTURES of the German republic during the past six months definitely constitute one of the most impressive of political narratives. One privileged to occupy a ringside seat—which term seems peculiarly apt—may remark that there was hardly a day when the possibility of some devastating uproar was not acute. Again the agents of stability and peace were those who had snuffed out the revolution of 1919. The Social Democrats, conscious of their traditional loyalty to democratic government, have really borne the heaviest onslaught, owing to the sovereign discontent of organized labor with wage curtailment and increased taxation. Nor can anyone give too much credit to the Center party. Compact and undogmatic, despite the almost incessant conflicts of opinion which necessarily grew out of regionialistic and other differences, it stood its ground as well as any famed old guard. Add for good measure the other party splinters hewn on the electoral block—representatives of this or that moderate point of view more or less closely identified with "liberalism" in England. Round and round about this harassed parliamentarian island there eddied those extremist currents which almost, but not quite, brought Europe to the verge of a debacle that might have been even more serious than the Russian cataclysm. The danger is not yet over. Who can tell what the immediate economic future holds in store? Or what the next elections will bring? Or how the task of finding a successor to the incomparably valuable Von Hindenburg will be solved?

I was thinking of these matters as I went down the Wilhelmstrasse for the interesting purpose of spending an hour with the Chancellor, Dr. Bruening. I should like to stress them now—on the way, as it were—simply because they seem to me the most significant aspects of the contemporary world. One may argue tranquilly, as the Abbé Dimnet does in a recent COMMONWEAL article, that the Versailles Treaty is no better or worse than others, and that the attempt to revise it would be puzzling. The abbé is a charming and sagacious man who may be quite right. But he is utterly beside the point. What matters is really not that this or that minority must dwell under somebody else's domination but that the millions upon millions of people affected by the Treaty of Versailles must have work and bread. If the number of men and women who have neither increases beyond the present breaking-point, the results can only be these: first, central Europe will turn to revolution both against the present economic system and against those whom it holds to be the authors of its economic slavery; second, it will seek a gage of social justice somewhere else than in traditional Christendom. When the abbé tells us that "the people who foolishly helped the Central Empires to shake away the healthy consciousness of their government's war guilt, gave them at the same time the impression that the treaty was unbearable," he forgets one sovereign circumstance—that France is brimful of gold, that the United States has fabulous wealth even in an era of depression, and that Central Europe is starving. Such is the truth which stares Christendom in the face and which will, I think, not go undetected by anyone who does a little traveling with one eye open. With what elements in Central Europe can the world which still prides itself on being Western coöperate if not with labor in Germany and the group which, during more than three-quarters of a century, has stanchly professed the Catholic view of life?

With such thoughts as these in my mind, I went to the new German chancellery, a building which of itself expresses what the Reich has accomplished since the war and what it has been unable to achieve. There is the thoughtful appropriateness of the new structural style, but also the spare unadornment which symbolizes lack of purchasing power. And after a while the man upon whom the destiny of Central Europe—not Germany alone—has depended during nearly a year came out, welcomed me cordially and began to talk. Dr. Heinrich Bruening has no characteristic that suggests the American politician. He seems rather like one of our finer university presidents, or better still like a physician, reflective and unbending, absorbed in the welfare of his patient and yet devoted to the science which exacts his own confidence. And indeed Herr Bruening is surely a doctor prescribing to a state which has hitherto relied on such things as chiropractic and aspirin to relieve its gout, and which now groans under the rigid diet imposed upon it. The Bruening recipe

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is nothing else but such a diet—the famous Notverordnung, which insists that health can only come through thrift everywhere and always. Such a formula does not make for easy popularity, and it has not brought that to Bruening. Yet little by little the truth has become evident to all who cared to realize it—that here is a man of character, faith and absolute integrity, who stands in the midst of turmoil like a solid rock. A man of bronze, the young Germans say, with half an allusion to Bismarck.

It becomes quite clear at once that Bismarck and Bruening have at least this in common: both are masters of economic science, who revert to figures rather than phrases and detest nothing so much as spectacular pantomime. I asked him what he should like to have me tell the American people. The answer was simple and to the point: "We do not ask the world outside Germany to do more than recognize the facts in the case," he said. "The struggle of the government during the past year has, of course, been partly a matter of universal economic depression. Yet it was also imposed by the clear circumstance that we had been following a wrong economic policy—that paying our debts by borrowing at a higher rate than we could earn was draining our resources and even undermining our ability to borrow further. The situation reveals itself most clearly in agriculture. Even under favorable conditions, the German farmer was unable to expect better than a 4 percent return on his investment. Nevertheless his mortgages were costing him 8, 10 and 12 percent. In order to save our entire rural industry from absolute catastrophe, we must now seek to carry through a difficult financial program which necessarily meets with much opposition from other groups. At present we do not know if we can succeed or not."

"And industry? The German nation can meet its obligations—those accruing under the Young Plan as well as those resulting from other loans—only by maintaining an export trade balance. Leaving the present world-wide depression aside, this means that our production costs must be lowered in order to meet competition in the great markets. But when unemployment of tremendous magnitude imposes a social burden which taxes industry to the utmost, any endeavor to lower prices necessarily means curtailing public expenditures and lowering wages. Both are exceedingly unpopular measures to which a very great share of existing radical opinion must be traced. One must also bear in mind that the situation is influenced by extraordinary outside factors. Credit stringency, for instance. Or by tariffs imposed to protect the domestic market. Thus, the other day we had to place another heavy duty on rye because Russian grain was in Dutch harbors for the purpose of carrying through a dumping operation in Germany. All such things mean heavier burdens for the working man in industry, who is already facing the prospect of decreased wages. For the coming year we have nothing further to suggest. There is absolutely no sign that unemployment will lessen. On the contrary, I expect the labor market to become slightly worse. Nor is there any chance to increase taxation. Our experience shows us that new levies simply result in smaller returns, owing to declining consumption. This is evident in such commodities as wine, beer and tobacco. The tax on spirits, to which we had looked hopefully, has proved an utter failure. And so I may say that while some of the immediate political danger seems to have abated, our fundamental problems are as great as ever and permit of no easy solution that I can see."

I referred to the Notverordnung—that long, sad document of taxes and retrenchments—and asked, "Dr. Bruening, would you mind telling me how you mustered sufficient courage to ask the German people to shoulder so heavy a load?" The chancellor smiled and said, "It is still true in Germany that one may risk telling the people the truth. I had already spoken most pointedly against our former fiscal policy, as early as 1927. When the proper moment came, it was simply necessary to face the inevitable, to decide upon the only possible course short of revolution, and then to rely upon the willingness of a sorely tried people to bring further sacrifices. We have, perhaps, always been more conscious of our European mission than other peoples have been. Every time we have halted a revolutionary movement—and we have done so several times—we have, I may say, preserved the Continent from a Bolshevist upheaval. For what would be the value of Poland as a barrier if Communistic Russia and a Communistic Germany strove to join hands? This danger is not a new thing for us. But it threatens to grow larger rather than smaller. The traveler to our country is often impressed by the neat appearance of even the poor. He too seldom realizes that this is the last symbol of a love of order and decent living which the German inherits from his past. Today there is an alarming tendency to forget even that—and to say, for example, that family life and child-bearing are outside the realm of human possibility. Is that surprising when one bears in mind that the educated young men of today cannot expect to secure positions that pay a living wage before they are forty? Prior to the war, the age at which the German was able to be self-supporting was steadily growing lower and lower. Today it is constantly mounting." And the chancellor spoke further about the terrible problem of unemployment, which he has made his own personal concern and over which he broods as any earnest Christian must for whom the counsels of the New Testament are not so many bits of nonsense.

In conclusion Dr. Bruening spoke briefly of the general economic and social chaos, and expressed the opinion that much of it was attributable to factors lying beyond the control of any single nation. Mankind was not yet sufficiently conscious, he thought, of the drift since the close of the war. After ten years, it is still impossible to say that Europe has reached the water-

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shed from which the stream flows away from Russia toward a better social order. The necessity for a new economic conference, under some more effective auspices than the League of Nations at present affords, would seem apparent. That Germany would welcome such a conference might be taken for granted. But even the United States might well consider it, if only for the purpose of endeavoring to discern the factors which had created such a universal stoppage of trade. And so, with a smile and a handshake, the simple, reflective, physically none-too-powerful man upon whom republican Germany has leaned as against a pillar, went out to one of those innumerable conferences which during every day of the past six months have disturbed the tranquillity of political Berlin.

As for myself, I retired to the library of a great newspaper and there read through the record of this man's career. It is the perennial drama of a strong soul who emerged from relative obscurity at the right time to supply a badly needed idea. The Center party has other excellent leaders—Monsignor Kaas, warrior of the forum with an exceptionally keen political sense; Minister Wirth, still one of the finest orators and executives in Germany, whose own record as a chancellor was excellent; Dr. Stegerwald, whose understanding of social problems and policies is combined with a personality of rare charm. Nevertheless, it is safe to say that none of these would have sufficed at the present juncture. What the Reich needed was precisely an "expert"—one who had first come into prominence as the author of a tax-reform bill, and who possessed the rare ability to tell the difference between one-half and two-thirds of a percent. Heinrich Breuning, the story says, was a machine-gunner during the war, who, having been wounded in action, was twice decorated for gallantry. Before that he had studied history, philosophy and political science at three universities, had traveled extensively in England and France, and had taken his degree in economics. When peace came, Dr. Bruening served as the director of a great labor organization, as member of the Prussian Landtag, and as deputy to the Reichstag. These were years of no glitter, no pomposity, no oratory. But he learned to deal with men, facts and figures. Such training has served his country well. Today there is also no glitter, no pomposity, no oratory. Only strength and character. And his friends will tell you that Heinrich Bruening is still what he was as a young man—a humble spirit who derives from his faith in God such sustenance as he could not hope for from misplaced faith in men.

Orchards on Fire

I saw young orchards running in bodies thin as flame.
Down a pale slope of springtime, all in a rush they came,
I heard their hundreds breathing, a soft and threatening sound;
I thought they sprang together, they seemed to clear the ground,
With elbows wild and crooked, with dark and awkward knees,
But richly fleshed and furious, a host of headstrong trees.

WINIFRED WELLES.

APPRECIATIONS

By SEUMAS O'BRIEN

Shaemas O'Sheel

THE WISEACRES say there is a book in every man, but how to get that book is a secret not shared by too many. Cervantes knew it, and we are glad that he went after the book and got it. I have never heard it said that there is a poem in every man, yet more people live poems than write them. Whether Shaemas O'Sheel has or has not lived a poem is something I don't know, but I do know that he has written one, and one of the best in the tongue of his ancestral enemy, too.

How well this master singer epitomizes the Gael in "They Went Forth to Battle but They Always Fell"! The last two lines of this run:

> "Yet they will scatter the red hordes of hell
> Who went to battle forth and always fell."

They who go forth to battle, but always fall, only rise more gloriously than ever. For they are the givers, not takers; children of the world's great dream. To fall is but a little thing to the Gael. Life is a grand adventure, to be lived nobly and ended gallantly. To win is but to lose, and to lose is but to win. Who enjoys a victory, as we understand the term? A savage perhaps. Does not a victory often mean the loss of one we cannot replace? Calamitous triumph! "I won," said the fool, when he didn't know that he lost. "We conquered," said the proud invader, when he only destroyed something too good for him to understand. Oh, child of the Gael, march on, march on, and let not your step be out of tune with your heart! Destiny has put its mark on you, and your work is not yet done.

Whenever it is my good fortune to spend a few hours in the company of Shaemas O'Sheel, I cannot help feeling that he has not given us his best, and that there is a greater poem in him than either "They Went Forth to Battle but They Always Fell" or "He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed." But how to get that poem out of him, if it is there at all, is a problem, for there is a Gaelic proverb that says: "It is hard to drive a hare out of a bush he is not in." However, one must beat the bush to find out whether or not the hare is there. I would like to do my share of bush-beating; but I am reminded of a story that makes me hesitate, and another proverb has it that "he who hesitates is lost." Here is the story that may deprive the world of another masterpiece:

An actor, whose medium of expression was acting, wanted to become a producer. He thought the play that was to make him rich and famous was in a cobbler, despite the fact that it was in himself. So he gave up acting and proceeded to get the play out of the saver of soles and heels.

The cobbler, whose only form of recognition until now was abuse, was flattered beyond measure. He lost his wits, thought he was a genius, threw his last through the window and killed his best customer. After several years of futile effort trying to write the play, he died mad. The actor died in poverty shortly afterward, and a friend of his, who he thought was a fool, wrote the play that was in the thespian and became rich and famous.

The poem that I want Shaemas O'Sheel to write, for all I know, may be in myself, or some of my friends whom I look upon as fools, but while the grace of God remains with me—that is, if it is, or ever was, with me—I will stick to my

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chisel and brush and let Shaemas beat the hare out of his own bush, if the hare is there.

But perhaps the world in which he lives is too sane to produce much more than good manners, for it can be safely said that Shaemas is a gentleman of the old school, who not only writes letters worthy of Stevenson, but what's more, answers letters—almost an unforgivable sin in an Irish poet or modern celebrity. If he fails to do anything greater than he has already done, his sanity may be at fault.

Tame birds oftentimes forget what their wings are for. It is quite possible that a change of scene and environment might do for him what a sojourn on the Arran Islands did for J. M. Synge. I have thought of more than one scheme for his real awakening. But if nothing else would disturb his complacency enough to make him the author of a great poem, or a great tragedy, maybe, I would suggest that he allow himself to be locked up in a single room for the space of one month with Calvin Coolidge, Joseph Campbell, St. John Ervine, and my humble self.

John Campbell

WHENEVER I look at an illustration of John Campbell, I feel that he should have lived when they were making the Book of Kells. By that I do not mean that I regret that he is still in the land of the living, and incidentally sharing the lack of appreciation that seems to be the lot of men of his kind. On the contrary, I enjoy his friendship, and have only the highest admiration for the man and his gifts.

If John had lived in the ninth century, it is not difficult to imagine what his contribution to the religious art—Christian or pagan—of that period, would have been. The monks, who left us the most beautiful of all beautiful books, would have sought his assistance when they were illustrating the Gospels and asked him to portray the characters of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and leave masterly examples of his superb draughtsmanship to posterity.

But either inside or outside the monastery, John's genius would not go unnoticed. The artists and master craftsmen in those early days would have no trouble in recognizing the stuff he was made of.

The individuality characteristic of all Gaels has manifested itself very strongly in John. His work is as unmistakable as the warbling of a blackbird, or the cry of a lone sea-gull on a reef-bound shore. There is an inspirational and highly creative quality in his paintings and drawings that immediately commands attention. I don't know of any other Irish artist who so successfully captures with pen and brush the spirit of the Gael. He has helped to open the door of heroic Ireland for us, and we can explore that enchanted country for ourselves—a country where there are more roads than any man could travel: roads that lead to where there is peace and quietude and roads that lead to where there are battles that are bloody, and battles that are worse.

But how few of us step over the threshold of the door that John has helped to open for us! We pass it by, and dwell in a world that by contrast is dull and drab indeed. That he has done his part and done it well, who will gainsay?

More than once have I visualized him as a leader—a leader of leaders, maybe; the founder of a school the like of which was never known before. A school as distinctive as those which had their beginnings in Babylon, Egypt and Greece.

To some a statement of this kind may seem wild or fantastic, but if all the Irish artists who lived since the coming of Padraic the apostle to the present day, only drew their inspiration from the exploits of the mighty of their race who are no more, and told the story of their country with brush and chisel, Ireland's place in the world of art would only be equaled by her place in the world of literature.

It is to men like John Campbell we must look to build up the broken bridges of the Gaelic world, and bring the separated kinsmen together again. But helpmates he must have if we would find a way to our golden heritage, and hewers of wood there must be as well as drawers of water. We who still have our wits must teach the children the language of their fathers, and we must teach them the songs that sprung from the hearts of the people. Then they will want to march to the lilt of the pipes back to the kingdom from which they came.

No nation ever expresses herself in painting, sculpture or architecture while she is struggling against fearful odds for her national existence, and the school that John Campbell might have started in the ninth century, for all we know, may only be getting its start now. Empires rise, only to fall, but racial cultures may be born again. When the tide of destiny turns and the Ard-Ri of the Gaels sits once more on a golden throne in his Teach Mohir na Ri overlooking the four quarters of Ireland, he will gather his men of vision and skill about him and say: "Bare are my four walls, and not too full are my coffers, but large is my heart. If you would please me, gather your wits one and all, and tell the story of my people on my four walls, in a way that it has never been told before. Much as I can I will give you for your pains, but let your great reward be the realization of the dream of the Gael."

And when he has fêted them to their fill, I can hear him calling John Campbell aside and whispering in his ear: "Oh Sean of the mellow voice and fathomless eye, don't fail to make a glorious record of Oisin and those who followed him, and before your hand grows tired paint me a mural of the Mountainy Singer, and he riding on a white horse out of the misty dawn, scattering leaves of his songs to posterity, on his way to Tir-nan-Og."

Teresa Brayton

ONE SUMMER'S day in 1913 while taking shelter from the sun under a eucalyptus tree in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, I picked up a copy of the *Monitor* and read for the first time a poem by Teresa Brayton. It was a song of the heart, the outpouring of a true songbird. I wanted to meet the gifted authoress then, but I did not have my wish gratified until a shadow, darker than any in history, fell on this old earth of ours, and silenced many of our best songsters forever, and made others sing out of tune. Some are singing out of tune yet, but not so Teresa Brayton; she still sings on in the old way.

If I were asked to summarize her achievements, I should quote Thomas Flynn, another song bird who sings for the love of singing and will not have his verses published. Where this eccentric lover of the beautiful is now, or what he is doing with his gifts, I do not know, but should like to know. Perhaps he is somewhere on the edge of a forest waiting for the spring, for no poet ever loved that season better.

It was Tom who said the most poignant thing I ever heard about Teresa. "She has a message for the common people," he whispered in my ear one evening after she recited one of her favorite poems. I am sure he knew the high compliment he was conferring on her too, for Tom knew poets

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and how to place them. A message for the common people is something more than an achievement. It is a gift of God. It is God's way of lightening the burden of the oppressed, and bringing sunshine into their lives.

The peasants of Ireland who have not memorized Teresa's poems, carry copies of them in their pockets on their way to work and when they go to the fairs, and it is not uncommon to hear one of her songs on a wet night when some love-sick swain, unconscious of both wind and weather, goes awooing along "The Old Bog Road."

Oh, Teresa, would blind Raftery or Bobbie Burns have asked for more? No wonder you are happy; no wonder that the light of simplicity in your eyes baffles complexity itself.

Not all of Teresa's verse is perfect, of course. Like many more of us, she is not always the best judge of her own creations, but enough of good things have come from that grand old heart of hers to give her a place among the song birds of her day, and she wont be the first to be forgotten either. What poet brings us nearer to the rural hearth, cradle of song and story, where the glow of the turf fire and the singing of the tea-kettle, makes the *shanachies* who gather there for inspiration, sing and glow too?

There is a bardic quality in her best work that stirs the blood, and when she sings of her country's wrongs we instinctively rise in rebellion against all forms of unrighteousness. We thing of Cathleen-ny-Houlihan, not as a grand lady in silks and satins, but as a grand lady in homespuns, looking sadly from her cabin door, out on her four acres, while ruthless marauders from over the seas are stealing her potatoes, her corn and her kine. Her children are playing upon an earthen floor, and she wonders how long it will be before they will be big and strong enough to drive the plunderers away. She sings them songs of courage, for she knows that a day will come when the plundering must stop, and her potatoes and all that she raises on the land will be her own.

Many indeed are the phases of Irish life, and the side that Teresa depicts for us is rendered faithfully. I don't believe she could do it otherwise, even if she tried.

That she has a message, goes without saying, but if you want to know what she means to those who have not been spoiled by sophistication, go to a *ceilidhe* sometime and hear her recite some of her poems from "Songs of the Dawn." Then you will thank God for the common people. May they never reach Park Lane, or Park Avenue!

Now, I have said my say, but one word more. Sing on, Teresa, sing on! You must teach others to sing also, for noisy versifiers, who yell without rhyme or reason are everywhere, and we must have the music of the heart.

Liam FitzGibbon

"AMERICA," said the man from Kerry, as he lost his toothpick and his patience trying to remove a wad of chewing-gum from the heel of his new shoe, "is a queer country. You can spend $5.00 in a barber's shop, and come out looking worse than you went in."

"It would take more than a barber to improve some people," said I.

"I know that," said the man from Kerry, looking quizzically at me. "However," he continued, "I wish I had as much sense, or courage, if you will, as Liam FitzGibbon. He cuts his own hair and enjoys himself as much as if he paid for having it spoiled or improved, as the case may be."

I thought I was the only man in the world who had courage enough to cut his own hair. It was my only honest claim to distinction, but now to my dismay I learned that I had a rival.

"Who is Liam FitzGibbon?" I asked, anxious to know what manner of man he was, but still more anxious to compare hair cuts.

"Liam FitzGibbon," said the man from Kerry like one who was afraid to start talking lest he should never stop, "is a man you must discover for yourself. I am giving a party to my friends from Cork next Saturday night and he will be there. If you would like to meet him, come along."

A week later, I broke in on the party as it was in full swing. Everyone present, those with voices and an air for music and those without either, sang more than one song. And the songs that those Corkonians sang were not the songs of the Gael, but the songs of the Saxon and the Teuton. Then I began to understand why some of my fellow countrymen lost a grip on themselves, and the significance of their national culture. All the contributions of the alien, from the escapades of Cromwell to the introduction of the monocle, were as nothing compared to the havoc wrought to the Irish character by grand opera. That it has been and still is one of the destructive forces with which the race has to deal, I am fully convinced. If we had kept our songs and our own music, we could never have been defeated, no mater how powerful the enemy.

It was a trying experience for me. All the old favorites, "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall," and the other threadbare expressions of sentimentality, were rendered with characteristic faithfulness. But I bore up nobly until Cork's national anthem, "The Heart Bowed Down," was sung by a young man who had sense neither of time nor place. Then whatever little dignity I managed to inherit from my illustrious ancestry left me, and I burst into a rage. Turning to the man from Kerry I said: "Can the Cork people do anything else but sing grand opera?"

"Oh, yes," he answered nonchalantly, "they can talk, and some can even talk with their feet."

"Heaven pity me!" said I, wondering how I was to survive the night. At that moment a small, dark man who seemed to have been left untouched by his day or age entered the hall of song, and the man from Kerry hailed him.

"We have been waiting for you, Liam," he said. "Let us have a few steps."

He did not step then, but sat beside me, and I soon learned something of his history. He was born at Fermoy, County Cork, but the wings of fancy carried him everywhere. He felt as much at home discussing the problems that confronted Greece in the days of Pericles and Socrates as he did wrestling with the ironic problems of his own country.

As a boy it was his wont to wander aimlessly along the banks of the Blackwater, drunk with the joy of life, listening to the soft warbling of native song birds, the howling of the winds, or the hot arguments of those who were dissatisfied. It was then his real awakening began.

Instinctively he felt like recording all he had heard, seen and felt during his wanderings, and it was through the medium of the dance that he wanted to do it. He was a Gael with a contribution for his people. Many of his generation—and what a generation!—had learned to sing, paint and sculpture, but few learned to dance as the Gael knew how to dance before the invaders came. To Liam the preservation of the dance was as important as the preservation of the old pieces of sculpture, the Book of Kells and the old songs. Liam knows

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the old songs too, no one knows them better; but it was the magic of the dance that won him and, being a true Gaelic missionary, he decided to teach others what he knew himself. The Christian Brothers were quick to discover his ability and soon found pupils for him. He is now located in New York and doing the work he likes best, and whenever there is an Irish entertainment worth going to see, he is sure to be on the program.

The man from Kerry was getting impatient. "Aren't we going to have a few steps, Liam?" he said in a voice that did not have too much command in it.

The fiddles were tuned and Liam took the center of the floor. It was not until then that I fully appreciated Joseph Campbell's poem, "The Dancer." Not a muscle in his placid countenance twitched, and his lips did not move either, but his mind was full of memories, and it was with his feet he told the story of Granuaile, and what he had heard the blackbird say, as well as the linnet, the lark and the thrush. No paltry achievement is his. He danced as the Gael danced when he was himself and not wearing the mask of another. And what dancers these old fellows must have been! So intricate were Liam's steps, so full of grace and rhythm, that I wondered whether the dancers or the bards of old had the hardest time perfecting their art. I have seen the dancers of Russia and other lands, but I have never seen a dancer who could express more with his feet than the small, dark man with Socratian calm from Fermoy—Liam FitzGibbon. It is to be hoped that some real lover of Granuaile will have his steps filmed for posterity.

COMMUNICATIONS

WOMEN IN BUSINESS

Nebraska.

TO the Editor: Did Father Lewis ever reason out why woman first left the shelter of the home to support herself and others? It was because her natural providers, father and especially brothers, failed to live up to their part in supporting either themselves or her.

To hear some people talk you'd think women were not represented in the business world before the World War. It has been woman's energy, strength, reliability, that have built up every business, but it seems that Father Lewis and other men didn't resent it so long as she did the manual drudgery in woolen mills, cotton mills, tobacco factories, laundries, stores, etc., at a wage that didn't provide even living, just existence.

Some ten or twelve years ago, before women are supposed to have robbed men of the white collar jobs in the business world, there were, in all seasons, year in and year out, an army of men beggars going from door to door asking for food. They were for the most part big, strong, strapping fellows, too lazy to work. They would tell me of the big wages they *had* made, they had a wife and five children they wanted to get back to, they had hoped to get better pay two or three hundred miles in the opposite direction from which they were headed at the time. In the last fourteen years I have had just two men asking for food.

Then here is another fact: In those days men were very independent. They would throw up a perfectly good job for little or no cause, go off on a fishing trip or a two or three weeks' spree, or hit the road to the wide open. Maybe they had the wife and five children, but what matter? She could take in washing until her lord and master (*virile* manhood) returned. And when he returned he always expected to take down the job he had shelved. But bosses got a bit tired of it, they tried women, found them quick (oh, well I remember the cry that went up), dependable, systematic and always on the job.

Now, should Father succeed in getting us out, would men fill our places? I believe not, for two reasons: first, the greater number of jobless men could not qualify; second, the bosses are men, and men are creatures of comfort even in the midst of the day's labor; they are not fond of a change so long as they are satisfied.

What Father Lewis has in mind are his "pets," the men. He wants some women to marry them and help him save their souls. (I once heard a bishop answer that by saying: "And what better could they do?") But Father forgets that what he is offering us for possible husbands are the "Andys." But why should he worry? There is a "Madam Queen" for every one of his Andys ready to start these homes, and in case they bring him many baptisms I can see where the labor of the older woman in business is going to be continued, in order to pay for food and clothing for these little Christians. Oh, no, Father, we don't spend our earnings on frills! Really you are quite ignorant of business methods. Remember we punch a time clock (in one form or another) every working day of the 365 days of the year, and most of us round out the full 365 and are too tired for anything but quiet and rest when night comes. No, the woman you have in mind is the woman who can't be discharged for neglecting her work; she is the one who just takes time for frills and bridge, and supervises the neighborhood back yards, etc. She is married, though not to one of your Andys, but in very many instances it was the business woman of the family who made it possible for her to settle well in life. I notice that single women who have independent support are not in the wage-earning class. They travel with frills and bridge. No, nothing but need for herself and others is the driving force behind woman's remaining in business. Had Father talked with a few working women in almost any walk of bread-winning, he would never have written as he did.

Here are a few, a very few, of the answers he would have received: "Yes, I started in as a cash girl and worked up." "Oh yes, for twenty-five years I've been thinking I'd be relieved, but it's just one trouble after another. Father died— ." "Well, I thought when the children finished school I'd take it easy, then sis married a no-account, and we had to care for her and the children." "Oh, all the rest just did as they wanted to, regardless, and I have mother [or father]." "Well, you know I have our invalid sister to care for." "Well, just when we seemed to be getting ahead, brother's wife died and we had to take in the family. The children were little—."

But why go on? The only difference is the cause that makes it impossible to quit the business of wage-earning.

However, I feel sure we are not particular favorites of the clergy. Indeed, I know one parish where the business women are actually snubbed out of all social life of the parish, unless they go to the things the married women give, and when the clergy give their "praise" sermons, they mention the married women so wonderful in their lives, the fathers beyond compare, th unmarried men so upstanding, or the young girls who are to grow into such sweet, gentle women, the future mothers of this and other parishes, oh I forgot the religious who have sacrificed so much; but us, well, we are neither men, married women nor religious, so we just "ain't." Yet we give less trouble than any other group in the parish, and I notice when the pastor is sending out his envelopes for Christmas, Easter, Indian or Negro missions, Peter's Pence, Propagation, parish running

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expenses, etc., he always sends us one of each, and I believe and hope we return them.

I sometimes wonder what the Lord thinks about us. I believe He will say: "Daughter, you never shirked a duty; you didn't select the life you wanted to live; regardless of others, you accepted the burden; to carry it the better, you walked through life alone. Enter into the mansion I have prepared for you."

Father has lumped all wage-earning women together and dumped us into the discard. As a fact we are three different groups: married women, single women and young girls.

Now, the married woman who has a husband who does provide for her (unless she is very greedy) could be dropped, but something can be said in her favor. Don't forget she was trained by the boss, often works for less money, understands him and can handle things so as to make him appear to himself as perfect, almost. She is hardly back from the honeymoon when the boss calls up to have a particular piece of work done.

In the young girl just starting out we see ourselves of many years ago. We know she would much rather remain at home and go to the pretty parties and gay dances, and dream of the coming of Prince Charming. To her our whole heart goes out, but she must learn to shift for herself, and only the Lord knows for how many years, and He won't tell. Let us hope the prince doesn't tarry on the way and that he will be one of America's finest, and always will be to her.

Then "ourselves." Just look us up.

Shame, Father! To think that one of that great body of men, the very best in the world, should use his pen through the pages of so very popular and widely read a magazine as THE COMMONWEAL to prejudice the business world against us! Do you think to starve us into matrimony of any kind? Never will we attempt to rear families under the conditions that our mothers did and are struggling through today. As for homes, we have been maintaining them these many years—the homes that others started.

Why not try a drop of your own medicine? You probably have a very good housekeeper and cook. Now, just dismiss them, and instal two of these jobless men. Oh, it looks quite different when you are the boss that's to be made uncomfortable, eh?

Don't forget that when the fat jobs give out for the men of the family, they promptly head for home, and enjoy the elder sister's steady job.

It is hard to believe that the Reverend R. H. Lewis is a priest at all. That kindly body of men left all that most men hold most dear in this world to devote their lives to the work of helping us one and all to know, love, and serve God, and save our own souls.

WAGE-EARNER.

THE POPE'S LATIN

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor: I was much pleased to see that you quoted my little article on the Latin of the Pope's radio address in the March 11 issue of your valued magazine.

At the University of Pittsburgh we have had many requests for copies of the Holy Father's Latin from almost every state in the union and several of the Canadian provinces. Many of these requests mention that they saw the notice in THE COMMONWEAL. We are shortly going to tabulate these letters and the results may furnish sufficient material for an interesting communication or even a short article.

ALBIN D. MCDERMOTT

CATHOLICS AND SOCIAL REFORM

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor: I read with much interest the editorial "Catholics and Social Reform" in the current issue of THE COMMONWEAL, particularly because of my attachment to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Third Order of St. Francis and the *Catholic Charities Review.*

To my great disappointment you made no mention of the *Catholic Charities Review,* in your reference to leading Catholic periodicals who have contributed to social reform.

I am sure you are aware that the *Catholic Charities Review* has been dedicated to social reform since its foundation. In view of which, may I submit for your consideration publishing this recognition which the *Catholic Charities Review* and its able editor, the Reverend John O'Grady, so justly deserves.

ALPHONSE J. OHLIGSCHLAGER,
President, Particular Council of Louisville Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

We feel this criticism is deserved. While we did not try to give a complete list of Catholic agencies contributing to social reform, and omitted many deserving high praise, the constructive work of the Catholic Charities Review particularly merited inclusion in any list, however brief.—The Editors.

THE SOVIET RELIGION

Kokomo, Ind.

TO the Editor: A contributor in the January 14 issue objected to the statement of Father McGarrigle that "Religion and obligation are identical in their Latin root, *ligare,* to bind." He asserted that religion is not derived from *re-ligare,* but from *relegere,* to recollect, etc.

May I be permitted to briefly state my understanding of the *status quaestionis*? The derivation of the word religion has been a disputed question from earliest times, and is not a closed question today. Cicero, it is true, derives religion from *relegere* (to treat carefully). Lactantius derived religion from *religare* (to bind), and says that Cicero's opinion is incorrect. Saint Augustine, in his "City of God," derives *religio* from *religere* in the sense of recovering: having lost God through neglect we recover Him. But in his "Retractions," he abandons this view in favor of the derivation given by Lactantius. The writer believes that the derivation given by the latter is still preferred by the majority of scholars. The objection that *religio* could not be derived from *religare,* a verb of the first conjugation, has not great weight, for *opinio* comes from *opinari,* and *rebellio* from *rebellare.*

Saint Thomas gives all three derivations without pronouncing in favor of any. To state that the derivation of the word religion from *re-ligare* is philologically untenable, is a rather incautious statement to make—if one admits that Lactantius and Augustine knew more than the rudiments of philology.

REV. F. JOSEPH MUTCH.

A FAMILY OF PAINTERS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The fact that there are two Oliver La Farges—Oliver H. P., business man and son of John, and Oliver, author of "Laughing Boy" and nephew of Oliver H. P.—probably confused your type-setter when he set my article. At any rate, he transposed my phrase "the author of 'Laughing Boy' " from young Oliver to his uncle, Oliver H. P. I thought perhaps I had better mention this.

JAMES W. LANE.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Getting Married—and Shaw

PERHAPS, after all, Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married" is actually a comedy, though I am inclined to the view that it is only a parody, and a distinctly mediocre parody at that.

Shaw's greatest limitation, not only as a playwright, but as an essayist and would-be philosopher as well, is his almost complete lack of a sense of universals. Only once, I believe, has he partly surrendered to the sweep of universal human problems, and that was in writing certain passages of "Saint Joan." At nearly all other times, his facile wit and slippery eloquence have vented themselves on things as immediate and particular and limited as a passing phase of the established Church of England, or a dying gasp of *laissez-faire* capitalism, or a spurt of feminism, or the fads of surgical specialists. The result is appallingly dull when matched against the succeeding fads and phases of even the next decade.

A very simple and obvious way of stating the case against Shaw is to say that most of his plays are "dated." But this expression is so much abused that it no longer completely fits the case. Critics are apt to say that a play is "dated" when all they really mean is that its construction and dialogue are old-fashioned—a criticism that holds equally true of "Hamlet" and "East Lynn" or of "Electra" and "The Great Divide." The real essence of a "dated" play is that its motivations ring true only in the period of its writing, and do not seem adequate to a later generation—much as a storm in yesterday's tea-pot seems ridiculous at today's cocktail shaking.

A play that honestly concerns itself with universals never seems dated in the hands of good actors. The universals are the great common denominators of human feeling the world over—the basic aspects of the capital sins and the cardinal virtues, by whatever names they may be called. Jealousy is a universal, but woman suffrage is not. Betrayal of professional integrity is a universal, but a surgical fad of 1906 is not. Love and mating are universals, but the marriage laws of England under Victoria and Edward VII are not. One could expand indefinitely the list of human instincts and emotions, faults and achievements which are understood by and apply to the mass of mankind, whether black, white, yellow—or even Nordic! But if one took the subject-matter and chief high dudgeon of nearly any Shaw play at random, he would find that so far from being a universal in essence, it would turn out to be something bounded by the current inhibitions of the British Isles and slightly less interesting historically than three-fourths of the day's London *Times*.

Of course, since he is obviously not a dullard, Shaw does prattle on about things which touch universals. "The Doctor's Dilemma" does touch on professional integrity, unavoidably. But the emphasis—the motive of the author's hot fury—is not so much the breach of integrity as a particular form of that breach prevalent at a particular moment of English history. If he were rewriting the play today, Shaw would probably turn his attentions from surgeons to gland specialists, or possibly to psychoanalysts.

In "Getting Married," Shaw is only faintly interested in marriage, but is fumingly and fussily disturbed about the British divorce laws—a matter which even Judge Lindsay would not find very exciting.

This deep concern about ephemeral things characterizes the poorly balanced mind—the mind more alert to the abuse of a principle than to the need and permanence of the principle itself, the mind that is more apt to follow words than the meaning behind words, the mind that turns literal and cramped at the very instant it thinks it is discovering freedom. Minds of this type can hardly be creative or poetic. They are not even good reporting minds, since they do not see beneath words to facts. To them a man is much more what he says than what he does or than what he is in his heart, and therefore appears far more complex and often absurd than he really is. The real and abiding humor of life, by which we see the simple child hiding beneath the most sophisticated man, utterly escapes the Shaws, who substitute a spurious humor based on the incongruity of mere words. This pseudo-humor leaves little space for charity and tenderness and tolerance.

The Theatre Guild, on the whole, has not done badly by Shaw's garrulous discussion of marriage. The cast is competent, and in the case of Helen Westley far more than competent. But this only slightly mitigates the dullness of listening to meandering remarks which have very little to do with life today.

The one worth-while point which Shaw scores is that no group of rampant individualists can agree on any form of marriage contract better than the ones commonly sanctioned by society. But he takes so long to make this point that it almost ceases to be a point at all. For the rest, it is painfully evident that the Guild is struggling against heavy odds in trying to make a play out of half-baked conversation. In many of his plays, Shaw's brilliance of expression and irresponsibility of statement go far toward covering up the essential poverty of his ideas. But "Getting Married" is no such play. The Guild has merely reminded us of a basic Shaw weakness and in the presentation of his play has done him no good service. (At the Guild Theatre.)

Little Poem

God loves a cell
Surpassing well
And them that dwell
Therein,

For in that place
Of quiet grace
The holiest ways
Begin.

But He will bless,
Loving no less,
The wilderness
Outside,

Where Moses kept
His Law adept,
Where Jesus wept—
And died.

EDWARD DORO.

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BOOKS

Lenin's Wife

Memories of Lenin, by Nadezhda K. Krupskaya; translated by E. Verney. New York: International Publishers. $1.80.

NOTHING more interesting has been published about the personality of Lenin and his political activity previous to the Bolshevik upheaval, than this memoir by his wife. Every student of the Russian Revolution ought to read it. It gives not only an illuminating description of the manner in which this revolution was prepared, but also a vivid account of what existence in Siberia meant for political exiles in the days of czarism. We have always known it to be Dantesque in its horror—something like a hell upon earth. And here we have the testimony of one who has lived it and who with her husband was subjected to the persecutions of the czarist police. What does she tell us?

Describing their life in Shushenskoye, a small village in the Minussinsk region of Siberia, close to the Arctic circle, she makes the following remark: "Generally speaking, exile did not pass by so badly." We find that they lived in a log hut with a family of peasants who kept it scrupulously clean. The floors "were covered with brightly colored homespun mats, and the walls whitewashed and decorated with fir branches." The exiles were perfectly free to go about, had plenty of books, and were able to correspond with their Russian friends, thus keeping themselves informed as to what was going on in revolutionary circles in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Once Lenin wrote an application to the chief of police of the Minussinsk region requesting permission and the financial means to go with his wife to explore the mountains of Tess. The reason for the request was his desire to see a famous revolutionist, a friend of his, exiled in the Tess district. And he received the necessary permit with the money by express messenger.

Even more amazing is her description of the entire revolutionary organization which existed in Russia for forty odd years before the World War, an organization almost perfect in its way, and known in all circles of Russian society, but of which the police seemed to be unaware.

Particularly interesting is Madame Krupskaya's account of her forced stay in Ufa in 1900. I was also there at the time and met many of the people of whom she speaks, although I never happened to see her. Ufa was always a hotbed of revolution, and most of its inhabitants had Red sympathies. It was the seat of a very powerful revolutionary organization which was actively spreading its ideas, without the slightest interference on the part of the authorities.

Madame Krupskaya's book also tells of her existence with Lenin in London and Switzerland, whither they emigrated after their return to St. Petersburg, on completion of their term of exile—because one did return from Siberia in those days, in spite of the popular idea that exile there was always for life. All she tells us about these years spent abroad, her appreciations of English life, and existence in Geneva, is enormously interesting, especially because of the many details she gives us of the dissensions existing among the Russian revolutionists. Already in those early days there was a struggle between the extreme Red party and the moderate elements in the movement. From this point of view, her book deserves to be studied closely. She gives a true account of how revolutionary or rather liberal reforms on the basis of a constitutional government were engineered in Russia, obtaining the sympathy

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NEXT WEEK

The third article on the subject of birth control, FUTURES IN FOOD, by Dr. Edward Roberts Moore, will continue his revelation of the true facts, the true science of this subject. This carefully documented and substantiated study presents a complete picture of the problem in all its physical and moral aspects. It is essential for every fair-minded non-Catholic who is interested in the Catholic position, as it is of great importance to every Catholic. . . . Mr. Raskob's projection of the five-day week and old-age and unemployment insurance into national politics as issues for the Democratic party to champion, will have its reverberations for some time to come. INDUSTRIAL PATERNALISM, by William Collins, will therefore we believe be an interesting statement of one point of view. He did not write with specific reference to Mr. Raskob's suggestions, but gives expression to the feelings of a large section of the American Federation of Labor on the subject of social legislation. . . . HE KNEW DAMIEN, by Cecilia Mary Young, is a revelation of a document which Brother Joseph Dutton asked to be withheld until his own death. It reveals the testimony of Dutton, then a young man, on the famous and still much misunderstood case of Father Damien. It is an intimate picture of the heroism of these two men that gave their lives to the service of the lepers of Molokai. . . . LINER: THIRD CLASS, by Padraic Colum, is that most delectable thing, a slice of life. It has color, the breath of human kindness, and fantastic reality, all most easily digested because of the excellent and adeptly flavored style. . . . THE COMIC INDEX, by Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt, is a rather shocking commentary on contemporary taste as exhibited by the things which are taken to be funny. Looked at in a detached sort of way, as in this, it seems extraordinary that such things could be.

of all the intellectual elements in the country, from the nobility in St. Petersburg to the students in remote Russian towns, and how a sad series of misunderstandings and blunders transformed this reform movement into the Red Terror which established the Bolshevik adherents in power. This baneful influence might have been nullified, if not entirely obliterated, if the government had shown wisdom and common sense in dealing with it.

The book also proves unmistakably that it was not the World War which brought about the success of the revolution in Russia. On the contrary, the war delayed it for a couple of years. Everything was ready for it in 1914 or 1915, and the mistakes of 1905 would not have been repeated. In fact, Russia has been in the throes of revolution ever since 1880. The czarist government only existed on sufferance. It was bound to fall as soon as an efficiently organized movement of revolt against it materialized sufficiently to expand into one immense conflagration which would reduce to ashes the ancient order of things.

Madame Krupskaya gives a remarkable account of the strength of this movement. Her description of the part Lenin played in it, is tame in comparison, because individualistic. It makes one realize that, after all, it is very rare when men, or one man, can control events. It is events that control men most of the time, and the Russian Revolution is no exception to this general rule.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Political Science

Liberty in the Modern State, by Harold J. Laski. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.00.

PROFESSOR LASKI'S book is a significant contribution to the literature of political science, a lucid analysis of the relationship of the state to its citizens, and an inquiry into the conflicts arising between citizens and the state which, presumably, enjoys its statehood by the consent of its citizens.

There is no counterpart in the civilized world today for the ideal state the author describes. He does make occasional allusions to Russia, most of them, however, derogatory, and since the Soviet state is undergoing chaotic transition, any inferences that may be drawn are inconclusive.

At times, one feels that in this exposition the idealist has the upper hand of the scientist, when, for instance, in arguing for the utmost freedom of the press, the author declares: "I yield to no one in my dissent from, say, Lenin's analysis of the nature of the modern state. But I think it urgent that his criticism should be available to society. . . . A government which remains unaware of that criticism has lost its chance of seeking to satisfy the critic." It is scarcely conceivable that any state would pay the slightest heed to Lenin's analysis which, in its essence, is inimical to capitalism and, therefore, all modern states. On the other hand, freedom of speech, Professor Laski continues, should in certain instances be circumscribed, particularly when a speaker in the vicinity of government offices "urged a vast meeting of angry unemployed to march" on these offices. "I do not think a government can be left to the not always tender mercies of an orator with a grievance to exploit." Perhaps a beneficent state, where economic equality prevailed, even as Professor Laski envisions, would eliminate the possibility of "a vast meeting of angry unemployed."

Further along, the author asserts that "men are always entitled to form voluntary associations for the expression of grievances" but "they are not entitled to move to the commission of

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acts which bring them into conflict with the state." Nevertheless, a few pages back, he approves of the General Strike in Great Britain in 1926. I do not take exception to his judgment here, but I wish to point out the evident contradiction. For, what cause could possibly be advanced by the concerted expression of a grievance, if the grievance were not to be remedied?

In the chapter on "Liberty and Social Power" there is an admirable section concerned with the influence of news and news agencies on the political thought of individuals; also the importance of proper educational training which is to result in a correct estimate of truth. The adult is warned against believing that "truth is what Karl Marx said, or Mussolini tells him, or the inferences of Mr. Baldwin . . . prepared for him by the Research Department of the Conservative Central Office. Happiness depends upon being able to approach with an open mind facts which have been prepared by independent persons." It is highly questionable whether an individual can be found who can approach with "an open mind" a given set of facts. Such an individual has had the benefit or misfortune of home, school, work and street associations that have helped in molding his mental attitude which will assuredly govern his reactions to the given facts. There are as many truths in the realm of political economy as there are classes of people whose special brand of truth is consistent with their respective economic status. A class-conscious worker versed in Marxism is not apt to believe in the truth of either Signor Mussolini or Mr. Baldwin, whereas a shopkeeper who aspires to an ultimate knighthood would anathematize the credo of Marx.

In a brilliant passage summarizing his position on the state versus the individuals composing it, Professor Laski says: "I do not want to be taken as implying that violence is the inevitable end. I only argue that the irrefutable and inherent logic of a society where the gain of living is not proportioned to its toil is one of which violence is the inevitable end. . ." The masterly finishing stroke to the existing social structure Professor Laski delivers with this phrase: "But human nature being what it is, men do not easily surrender what they have the power to retain."

It is inevitable that a stimulating and provocative book such as this should create differences of opinion; all the more seemly since they may arise from a difference of personal experience. Doubtless, also, the appearance of a new type of society will call forth new interpretations in the field of political science. For the moment, however, Professor Laski has satisfied a need.

MAXIM LIEBER.

Old and New in Music

Forty Years of Opera in Chicago, by Edward Moore. New York: Horace Liveright. $5.00.

Tin Pan Alley, by Isaac Goldberg. New York: The John Day Company. $3.50.

MR. MOORE, the chronicler of Chicago's forty operatic years, is a widely known music critic on a Chicago daily. In true journalistic fashion he has carried over the when-where-and-how rule of the city desk to the longer-lived (at least, supposedly so) field of books. Thus we get a story larded with dates, streets, box-office returns, cost sheets, etc.—all the accuracy of an official record, with all the dullness such things are capable of instead of the mellowness of retrospect and its accompanying critical glow. Almost one hundred pages (a fifth of the book and hence one dollar's worth) is devoted to an appendix—a statistical resumé of every opera performance in Chi-

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cago's last forty years, with dates, casts, boards of directors, ladies auxiliary committees, et al.

The tale might have been brightened with the recognized graces, and imputed disgraces, of Mary Garden—that unique Scotch contribution to the history of French music, so like Erik Satie, another French product of Scottish ancestry, in her imaginative boldness. To Miss Garden Chicago owes its deliverance from musical insularity, the fact that it is an operatic center of international significance. Its French repertoire has caused many Metropolitan Opera habitués to cast a furtive glance Westward.

While Mr. Moore's compilation is exhaustive though profitless reading, Dr. Goldberg's scherzo on "Tin Pan Alley" is quite the reverse: exhilarating, amusing, illuminating, and exhaustive also. The book has a subtitle, "The American Popular Music Racket," which is evidently a sales-handle put on for those who enjoy the exposé of the much-overdone racketeer rather than a sharp and sane reading of the birth and development of that typical American prodigy—jazz.

This is no anaemic canticle to jazz by an expatriate aesthete but a sound study by a scholar in holiday mood, who moves about the music scene with the same relaxed acquaintance that characterizes his expositions of Spanish-American literature and his monographs on Nathan, Mencken and Havelock Ellis. Dr. Goldberg is the first *littérateur-musicien* to my knowledge to study minutely the morass of American popular music in all its flimsy aspects and to resolve the jamboree into an informative chord, pointing out the ambiguity of the term jazz and also the fascinating wisps occasionally arising from this field.

With a seer's vision and a scientist's execution, Dr. Goldberg presents the Negro psychology of pre- midi- and post-minstrel days, and having no attitude to sustain (which position has always vitiated the jazz studies of musicologists) he moves across this scene with freedom and profit, and without the gloss of stylization. Thus he can examine the aesthetic of America's popular music on one page; take you inside the offices of the publishers of democracy's tunes on the next page; and give you "the low down" on big business as practised by the big song and dance men—mergers affecting Warner Brothers, Radio Corporation of America, Paramount Publix Corporation, and Columbia Broadcasting System, among others.

Dr. Goldberg has performed a signal service for American historians, in defining the nation's music, which everybody hears but nobody apparently listens to, judging by the misconceptions abroad. Jazz as written by men like Gershwin and Porter, and performed by organizations like Leo Reisman's and Duke Ellington's has a definite and valuable character. With radio, jazz is undergoing further fundamental changes. Anybody interested in American music must henceforth consult Dr. Goldberg's findings.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

Rural England

The Village Book, by Henry Williamson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

THE VILLAGERS of Ham no doubt experienced an abstract gratification that an author had come into their midst to record the minutiae of their existences, but it is easy to conceive that his presence might frequently have been excessively irritating. The men might not blow foam from their beer in the pubs and burst into song, the housewife might not step into her backyard to burn a pile of rubbish, laborers might not cut down trees, without being aware that all their actions

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and words were scrupulously noted by the reportorial Mr. Williamson. Even the birds and beasts, the very growth of his Atlantic-bordered English county, it might be fancied, felt uncomfortable under his painstaking scrutiny. That sense of annoyance against an attempt to capture what should be uncapturable, to imprison, even in words, what should remain free, cannot escape any true lover of nature and the simple life as lived in countless English villages. He will turn from this book, I believe, as he would from a faithfully reproduced landscape to the contemplation of hills and valleys and streams. On the other hand, those who profess to love the country yet never get nearer to it than a metropolitan suburb are very apt to hail "The Village Book" with exclamations of admiration.

In so far as photographs are accurate, Mr. Williamson is accurate. But however seriously he has tried to translate the spirit of an English hamlet to his pages, however beautiful may be his prose in this attempt, he has failed to present it. One, putting down his book, could go to Ham and feel physically familiar there. One could not go to Ham and feel that sense of spiritual kinship which is as rare as it is ineluctable. Men, even nature, do not reveal their innermost secrets when they realize they are on parade.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Where Feelings Colored Facts

Church History by Non-Catholic Historians, by Reverend John E. Graham. Baltimore: The Norman Publishing Company. $2.00.

THOUGH devoted to a criticism of the more popular and widely read writers of history in the English language, this work is not written with the purpose of deterring students from consulting these authors, but of affording means by which they may be more profitably read and enjoyed. The author, who has the gift of the incisive phrase, merely brings out their competence in some departments by pointing out their shortcomings in others. He has devoted his pages to a discussion of the works of Gibbon, Carlyle, Robertson, Macaulay, Hallam, Guizot, Taine, Bancroft, Prescott, von Ranke, et al. He frequently makes use of the deadly crossfire device of quoting them one against another, or by pointing out that in the discussion of Catholic affairs they lack unanimity of view except in so far as they are suspicious of the Church and irreconcilably opposed to things papal and Catholic. What Newman said about the Church of England may, in a larger measure, if we may judge by Father Graham's investigations, be applied to the writers of secular history: "Heresy, scepticism, and infidelity, and fanaticism, may challenge them in vain; but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism, and they recognize by instinct the presence of their connatural foe."

Beginners in history will profit by reading these pages, not only because of their prophylactic quality, but because they will supply a useful stimulant to critical observation and exactness.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

We regret that through an error in type-setting a line was misplaced in Mr. Hoffman Nickerson's review of "Jeb Stuart," by John W. Thomason, jr., appearing in the March 4 issue of THE COMMONWEAL. *The last paragraph should have read: "Finally he has phrases with the true bronze ring of the great classics, such as this: 'It is a saying of our General Preston Brown's, whom the Second Division of the A.E.F. remembers. . . .' That is a note rarely found in contemporary letters; when heard it is unmistakable."—The Editors.*

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Briefer Mention

Rome and the White House: A "Parallel," by James A. Hyland, C.S.Sp. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. $1.50.

WHILE obviously written with the presidential campaign of 1928 in mind, this volume contains matter likely to remain pertinent to Catholics and non-Catholics alike for several generations to come. Father Hyland draws an unsuspected parallel between the basic institutions of the Church and the United States, and admirably proves the absence of any contrast. Chapter II, on "Spiritual Independence," is noteworthy for illuminating quotations from Thomas Aquinas and from Cardinal Bellarmine, in direct refutation of the mistaken Protestant idea concerning Catholic sanction of the union of Church and State, and contains truths that should be inspirational to all American Catholics who feel that the living principles of their government are Catholic in conception. In the second half of the book is an informative account of the Holy Father's vicarship. No Catholic, or Protestant of open mind, can escape the sense of spiritual beauty and dignity associated with the line of Supreme Pontiffs. Father Hyland has written in no critical spirit, he suggests no cure for the disease of intolerance except that of understanding and love, which he offers by inference and with reticence. From a beginning of fact and historical data he leads the reader to certainty that Peter's house is founded on a rock; and, in the end, he achieves cohesion by an appeal mingling spiritual fervor and national patriotism.

Poems, by Edwin Arlington Robinson; selected by Bliss Perry. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

THE VIRTUE of this selection of Mr. Robinson's poems is, as Mr. Perry points out, twofold. It makes a book of not too formidable proportions for those who may wish to go on a voyage of discovery and it is a convenient selection for those who are familiar with Mr. Robinson's verse. The collected poems have already filled over a thousand pages. The present volume has 300. There should be no fear of being misunderstood in speaking thus quantitatively of Mr. Robinson's poetry, as the quality of it is pretty generally respected in spite of the writer's tendency to loose himself in the wildwood of psychological analysis. This very fact, however, makes him a man for his times, and where he is intelligible he often has a hard, well-controlled and well-modeled style which commands one's admiration. He conducts one not on dizzy flights that assault the approaches to heaven, but on inward involutions that too have their vanishing points for finite conceptions and the common vehicles of meaning.

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